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MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES

—OF—

JOHN BROWN,

THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:

OFFICE OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

THIRD EDITION.

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PREFACE.

—o—

The publication of the following work is in response to a widely expressed desire to have the Experiences of John Brown in a more convenient and durable form than scattered through the columns of a newspaper. Many of them have appeared in the *Spiritual Offering*, creating no little interest in the life history of the subject of them.

This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. It is not, by any means, the whole. As a large part of it has already appeared in the form of newspaper articles, it has been deemed best to retain that form, as they thus retain the particular style of the medium. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensible, has been the only aim of the author and editor. And, as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired, through his mediumship, most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism.

It may be interesting to many readers to know, how these "Experiences" chanced to come before the public. Had their author been left to himself, they would never have been known beyond the small circle of special friends and acquaintances; for, he had no ambition to place himself before the general public. Having been acquainted with Mr. Brown for several years, and having heard him relate some

of his wonderful mediumistic experiences; in a private letter to Col. D. M. Fox, publisher of the *Spiritual Offering*, I referred to John Brown, and in the paper of Jan. 7, 1882, Col. D. M. Fox published the letter, with a short preface, which I append with my reference to Mr. Brown.

[So many of the older Spiritualists of the East, remember J. S. Loveland, as among the first of our lecturers many years ago, we feel sure they will be interested in reading the following extracts from a private letter to the editors. The writer, we think, would not object, although he had no thought of its publication. The allusion made to John Brown, Sr., will recall what we had to say of him two weeks ago and in behalf of all the readers of the *Offering*, we ask Prof. Loveland to favor us with his biography, or, at least, something of the prominent incidents of his peculiar, almost marvelous life.—Ed. Offering.]

"You speak of my good friend, John Brown, Sr. He is a 'dyed-in-the-wool' Spiritualist. One of the oldest in the place. He has been a medium for years. Indeed, long before the Rochester raps, he was a trapper in the Rocky Mountains; and his fellow-trappers were about to kill him for a wizard. A spirit used to tell him everything about to happen. If I had the time I would write you an account of one of his mediumistic works in Los Angeles, which was of a most marvelous character. Some of the evidences of it are now in the medical college in San Francisco. He is stopping at present, forty miles from town, or you would most likely have additional subscribers through his influence."

Col. Fox, who is always on the alert to secure anything to improve his paper, and advance the cause of Spiritualism, saw at once the desirability of having these experiences put on record. The result was the publication of most of them in the *Offering*. They now appear with alterations, amendments and additions in this volume.

The Editor.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The history of the Modern Spiritual movement is yet to be written. Of its inception, Emma Hardinge has furnished much excellent material; but, not being able, at the time, to see the entire field of operations, to collate and weigh the whole mass of facts, she failed to fully appreciate the scope of the movement as a whole. If that movement was the embodiment of a plan well matured in the councils of the spirit spheres, we should expect that the points of attack, so to speak, would be selected in such a manner as to produce conviction, in all rational minds, of a pre-existing purpose. We are satisfied, that such purpose was formed in the councils of the higher life; and, that the author of the following pages was one of the chosen instruments for its accomplishment. It may take years for the collection of all the facts necessary to produce, or rather compel such conviction. It is not enough that individual communications affirm such a plan, the plan itself must be demonstrated by the aggregate of manifestations. It is the object of this Introduction to aid the future historian of Spiritualism, by alluding to some things in the life

of the wonderful man whose mediumistic experiences are, in part, given herein.

We are prone to refer to the rappings, at Hydesville, as the original, or first beginning of Modern Spiritualism. Nothing ought to be said—nothing can be said to depreciate the grandeur of the events which then and there transpired. Nor, are the statements to follow, made with any such wish or purpose; but simply to show that the Congress of spirits had selected several centers of intended manifestation, differing somewhat in form, but intended to coalesce in the grand movement. One would not have been perfect without the other. A few years before the Fox family were visited by spirits, Swedenborg and Galen appeared to A. J. Davis, and "took him up into an exceeding high mountain,"[the Catskills,] "and showed him," not "all the kingdoms of the world," but things of vastly greater importance to man. The career of Davis, as a Seer, begins with that visitation from the invisible world. "Nature's Divine Revelations" never would have seen the light but for that. "The Harmonial Philosophy" is essentially the Philosophy of Spiritualism. But, before Davis grasped the "Magic Staff," before the Fox girls had heard the "mystic rap," John Brown had wandered from the "rock bound shores" of "old New England," to the wild fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; and, amid a company of adventurous, trappers and traders, was manifesting the strange facts connected with the spirit side of our complex life.

Here are three distinct centers of manifestation instituted by the "Spiritual Congress." Each is distinct in the phase of manifestation, and yet there is no disagreement or clashing between them. At the commencement of the careers of Brown, Davis

and the Fox girls, none of them knew of the others. The fact of unity in fundamental principles between them, is certainly the strongest presumption possible that their teachings emanated from the same source, and evince a common purpose.

It is hardly necessary to say that they all were from the humble walks of life. Christian Divines endeavor to make a strong argument for their system, from the alleged harmony of the gospel writers. But there is nothing strange in the fact of two, or four men, who have lived for years in the company of each other, reporting the acts and sayings of another companion substantially correct. But, suppose they had never seen, or heard of each other—had been widely separated and had never outwardly seen their teacher, and then had affirmed his character and teachings with complete unanimity, would not the argument be infinitely stronger? Such is the argument which Spiritualism presents to the world.

The intelligent reader will see that the medium life of the author resolves itself into at least three distinct periods or phases of manifestations. Not that there was any abrupt ending, or beginning, but each of three periods is characterized by the greater prevalence of one phase of manifestations. The mountain period is distinguished by almost constant prophesying. So much so that his companions called him "Prophet." This embraced the early part of his life.

The second phase of his mediumship, which included his middle, or mature life, abounded in astonishing cases of healing, in some instances, even appearing to raise the dead. But, in connection with his gift of healing, were nearly all other phases of ordinary mediumship. He has abounded in the gifts of the spirit.

The third period, the present one, is that, where after he has been thoroughly exercised in nearly all the known forms of mediumship, he is sought to be used as a teacher. The success of his spirit guides, in this direction, has not been as marked as in the two first. The principal reason has been, that the medium has destroyed the larger part of what has been written by his hand. This writing is executed, to a great extent, while he is asleep—or apparently so, as he finds the writing in the morning; and either the spirits executed it themselves; or, what is more probable, they induce a somnambulic condition and impress him to write in that condition.

But, unfortunately, when he would rise in the morning, and find several sheets of paper covered with disquisitions, which he failed to fully comprehend, and sometimes teaching what he did not believe, he consigned them to the flames instead of preserving them. Possibly, some of them may be given again. However, there is enough in the following pages, if the reader will solve the problems therein presented, to advance us a long way in the path of progress. He is the best instructor who compels us to think—think deeply and strongly instead of merely seeing the demonstrations which he furnishes. In the one case the demonstration is made for us, in the other we make it for ourselves.

In the experiences herein related we have the most profound problems, which have ever engaged the thought of man, thrust upon our consideration, and their solution demanded. Years before the "mystic rap" was heard at Hydesville, John Brown, in the weird fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, living in a lodge, built like

the Indian's, was nightly visited by his spirit teacher and informed of the more important events to transpire in the ensuing day. Without exception, the predictions of the prophet were fulfilled. No effort, on the part of the hardy hunters availed to defeat the predictions of the spirit.

Here is a problem for "the mightiest of the mightiest"—the question of prophecy. How do "coming events cast their shadows before?" How can the unborn events of the future become the conscious images of the present? What becomes of the pretended free will of men, who find themselves vanquished in every effort to annul the spirit's prophecy? They are told what they will say and do, and they resolutely swear they will do neither. They take every possible precaution; but, in spite of all will and effort, the prediction comes to pass, in all the minutia of circumstance. The ancient Syrian said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" and the companion of Brown protested he had never made use of the expression foretold by the spirit, and he never would. But both of them performed the very things predicted! We can't accept of fate—we rebel against predestination; tell us, oh, wise man, what is the science of prophecy!

The superficial reader might think that the details of how a bear or deer should be captured, or the leg of a mule broken, or the arrival of a trader described, were things unworthy the attention of a spirit. If that were all, we might agree to it. But, when we follow the history, and find the lives and property of the company saved from the savages by this same power, it assumes another aspect, in a practical point of light. But, there

is a far higher view in which to estimate these strange occurrences. Very slowly, yet surely, the conviction was being forced upon these sturdy men, of a spirit power, neither God nor devil. For a long time they thought it the latter.

To the inquisitive thinker, there is a far more interesting phase of this matter. How did John Brown go to those numerous places all unknown to him before? Did he leave the body? Were the scenes merely impressed upon his brain after the manner of a dream by the spirit, or was it some phase of clairvoyance? I hardly think the most extravagant pretender in favor of clairvoyant power has ever covered the ground of these experiences. Does clairvoyance include prophecy?

Again, did the spirit impress these coming events upon his mind? This is a plausible supposition, and would cover most of the facts in the case. His seeming to pass through the events as though they were real, the presence of his companions, their acts and conversation, etc., are all of them explainable on the theory of impressions on the brain analagous to dreams. Here, however, the analogy stops. He doesn't awake like a sleeper. He goes back to his lodge, he notices things on the outside which he had not seen the evening before; and, he don't wake up till the next morning. Again, he himself had become convinced that he left his body, and was alarmed. He tells us that he once refused to go with his guide, he was afraid his body might die. His guide showed him how easy it was for them, by a very singular apparatus, to keep up the process of respiration in the body while he was away; he never hesitated afterward. The careful reader will not fail to notice that the

white woman, who went with Waters, and was described by Brown to his companions so perfectly, recognized him when he met her at Pueblo a few days afterward. But she had not reached the condition of Brown. She had the vague recollection of having seen him before, but where, or when, was a mystery. Here is another problem to consider—"transcorporeal action of spirit"—as Nettie P. Fox terms it. In other words, the going out of the body and appearing and acting, before the change of death. I apprehend that this temporary abandonment of the body is vastly more common than we suspect. But, the instances are rare, where, like John Brown, the spirit remembers the outside appearances.

The point of special interest to the Spiritualist in these experiences is, that they were all managed by a spirit. John Brown did not go forth out of his body alone, nor was that body left alone in his absence.

Let no one suppose that simply telling John Brown what would occur on the following day was the main object, or work of his spirit attendant. One of his first propositions was that he had come to show him "how people lived after they were dead." He also proposed to give him a thorough education. Both of these purposes were attempted; but, like many others, with only partial success. So far as the common ideas of Spiritualists and their philosophy is involved, it was all taught to John Brown in the mountain fastnesses, long before the news of the Rochester rappings reached the Pacific shores. I am not to detail them here. The manner in which his teacher communicated his instructions was varied. Sometimes by spreading them out, as in a panorama, sometimes by lectures, as

it were. And, then again, he would slowly unroll a printed scroll, similar to the rolls, or volumes of the ancients; and, as he passed his fingers over it, in the process of unrolling, the entire contents would be impressed upon the memory of the pupil.

Right here, some one will ask, why has not the world been enlightened through this man long years ago? The same answer, which solves the mystery of many another man's and woman's history; he was "*dis*obedient to the heavenly vision." Thousands of the finest mediums of the world are unknown to-day from the same cause. John Brown did not accept in full the offer made from the heavens. Who has? This, joined with, and perhaps caused by, his natural reluctance to push himself upon the attention of others, prevented the evident intention of the spirit world, to have him one of the first, if not the *very* first medium to attract the attention of the world. This apparent purpose has failed, and we are brought to this position, viz: John Brown constitutes a distinct center in the history of Modern Spiritualism.

Dawning, in his childhood, on the shores of the Atlantic, the morning light shone out in the wilds of the "Rockies," and its noonday radience illuminated the extreme southwest of the Union on the Pacific; without knowledge, without contact, we have the same forms of manifestation; the same essential teachings respecting this life and the future. It shows the cumulative character of the argument in favor of Spiritualism.

Before I close I must present one more point. Sometime before John Brown left the mountains for California, in 1849, his guide left him and did not return until the night before the steamer came into Monterey Bay with the news of California's

admission into the Union. That night he came; took him and showed him the steamer coming up the bay with an enormous canvas, reaching from stem to stern, with huge letters thereon, reading, "California Admitted," etc.

Why did he leave him? Listen: Those sturdy men of the mountain had learned one thing, the spirit never told an untruth. Whatever he declared, was sure to come to pass. They were in that wild region for gain; why not make this a means? Why not bet with the unwary and get their money? They proposed it to Brown; he dissented from such a course. But, of course, if the spirits came; if he foretold the future, they could bet and win whether Brown consented or not. The spirit came once or twice more, looked sad and disapprovingly on the proposition and came no more.

Why not, if he was the devil, or one of his agents? Is the devil opposed to gambling? Why not, if the influences of Spiritualism are immoral, if only demons or evil spirits cause them? Soberly, the morality of this spirit is away in advance of the Christians of to-day. They are among the leading gamblers of the day, those who gamble on the largest scale. They are the stock-jobbers, the men of corners, the bulls and bears of our great gambling institutions. *The guide of John Brown would not degrade Spiritualism to the immoral level of the Christianity of to-day.*—EDITOR.

SAN BERNARDINO, May, 1886.

CHAPTER I.

NOTORIETY.—EARLY MEDIUMSHIP.

John Brown was born in the Old Bay State, in the year 1817, and in his early childhood removed to St. Louis, Mo. As this work proposes to deal only with his experience as a medium, no extended sketch of his life, as a man, need be looked for, however interesting it might be to many readers. He does not think it of sufficient importance to put it in a book. As to his ancestors, he remarks in his own peculiar way, that he is not certain that they came over in the Mayflower, though he does know that his grandfather was in the battle of Bunker Hill. It will suggest itself to the reader that the loss of his parents, in his early childhood, together with the necessity to look out for himself, would be ample reason for his lack of knowledge concerning his ancestors. But notwithstanding he was left an orphan, he was not uncared for. Born with that peculiar temperament, which we call mediumistic, he found that the heavens cared for him, even if the world was cold and hard.

The guiding angel of his life—the grand Mopoloquist—seems to have adopted him from childhood, and well, and faithfully, has he performed his mission of love and teaching. While a mere boy, Brown joined a company of trappers and made his way to the Rocky Mountains, where his mediumship was so wonderfully displayed.

Before entering upon that portion of the work, an interesting account of his child mediumship will be given. In a letter to the *Spiritual Offering*, he writes:

"It was summer time, and I was a lad of about seven years of age. One day I was out in the field by myself, and every time I would go to that field alone I would hear voices talking. At times it seemed as though they were talking to me, for I would distinctly hear them say: 'John, we have come to help you, we love you, we love to be with you, we want you to live with us;' thus they would talk kindly to me. At times they seemed to be close to me; I knew they were there, yet I could not see them.

I would often relate these facts to those I lived with, but they accused me of story telling, and said I had eaten too much, and my poor stomach became the sufferer, till at last I kept all these things to myself.

Finally one day while out weeding some young corn, all of a sudden there was near me a multitude of people, of all ages. I have since been told that this lesson was to teach me that I was never alone, although I could see no one present. I became frightened and ran to the house, closed the door and locked it; that was the only door leading out of the room. The family had gone and I was alone. Suddenly the door was

widely opened, and in walked the spirit, who has since told me his name was Mopoloquist. He closed the door and stated to me that he had come to remove all fear from me, and asked me to take in my hand a rod that he held, about two feet in length. As I did so, all fear and fright left me and I had a strong desire to be close to him; this desire, he said, was an invitation to him, and enabled him to approach close to me. The rod, he said, was a symbol of truth and honesty of purpose, and acted like a marriage contract between two whose souls could blend and become as one.

As he took the rod from my hand and turned to leave, the door opened, he walked out, and I stepped to the door, it was locked, I opened it but my friend had gone. I stated all I had seen to the inmates of the house, when they returned; but the great wisdom of the wise declared it the effect of eating too much, and again my poor stomach paid the penalty. But my persecution was not of long duration. I soon learned to keep silent on all such matters. This same spirit has been my near and dear friend ever since. He has been my guardian angel, and, has watched over and cared for me. He has saved me from drowning in the dark waters; he has saved me from being devoured by wild beasts; he has saved me from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the wild Indian.

In my pilgrimage, I came to a barn where a little brook was running through the yard. I looked in the mud to see if my little barefoot tracks were still visible where once I used to play, but they were gone, Old Time had taken them away. At my left stood the old house where I once lived. My mother, my father, two brothers and one sister had gone away, yes, they had

gone home where you and I will go sometime, and I hope to see them; but that house was my earthly home, there I lived with my mother alone, but not long, for she sickened and one day she called me to her bedside, kissed me and told me the doctors said she must go, and so she did and left me a poor pilgrim to wander about and live as best I could. I never shall forget her kind words to me, neither can I forget how disobedient I was to her.

One day she said: "Johnny, do not climb upon the fence, you may fall and hurt you." I did not obey her and sure enough I fell, my back striking upon a large stone, and I will tell you privately that Old Time has never removed the scar that stone made upon my back.

My mother had not been gone long when one day I found myself, or thought I did, down at the bottom of a deep well. It was quite dark down there; around me stood a little group of people, young and old, all seemed to be working at something, and I noticed occasionally a small spark of light ascending slowly up the sides of the well. This continued for a short time, and I saw no more.

On looking around I found I was alone, yet I heard some one calling me, and looking up, I perceived faces of different sizes looking down at me, and I could distinctly hear them call me and say they had stopped up there in the light to wait for me, and I must come and see them. Reader, I have been to see them and they have come to see me; they take me where and when they please. Show and tell me what they please. My good mother is one of my companions still, and my father also comes to me.

[As the following articles from *The Watchman*, detail some of the early life experiences of the author, and as they bring out the strange fact of prophecy, in the case of Mrs. Pardee, they are inserted here, rather than farther on in the work.—Ed.]

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

For several days, I have been impressed to write to you, and, to-day, I am called in from my work, and am seated beside my table; but, for the life of me I know not what to write about, as the subject has not been given to me; so I wait to see what is wanted; and now comes a soft whisper, saying: "Jottings by the Way-side, please; and I will stay with you and help you." "All right," said I, "you shall have your desire." And I wrote as follows: It was in the early days of my earth life that I became one of the pioneers who sought the setting sun to see what we could find in the far west. We left the little town of St. Louis, Mo., situated on the bank of the great Father of Waters, in June, I think it was. I remember the day our little party went bathing in what was known as Shotoe's mill pond, which, at that time, was quite an out of the way place. The route we intended to travel, lay up the Missouri River, and was long and tiresome.

Many a weary night we spent in trudging along with jaded mules, seeing our way only by the lightning's flash, and wakened by the thunder's roar. Thus we made our way, till, finally, we reached the little town of Independence, Jackson County, Mo.

There we found one store, a blacksmith's shop, and his Satanic Majesty's chapel—the grog shop, which invaribly, seems to be

one of the necessaries on which to found a large city. This was the last mark of civilization that we expected to see till we returned; not knowing when that might be. After resting our mules for a few days, and preparing their feed for the long and weary journey that lay before us, we sallied forth, Columbus like, guided by our compass, and hearts to conquor.

Soon, the marks of civilization were lost sight of, and our little band of sixteen was out on the great western wild that lay before us, called the Missouri, or Indian Territory, determined to conquor or die—like Sherman, all communication in front and rear was closed.

Soon, the big John Spring, Council Grove, and Little Arkansas River were passed, and we found ourselves camped on the bank of the grand old Arkansas River, several hundred miles below its source, which, to-day, is the theatre of man's ingenuity, helped on by those unseen, to develop the skill and wisdom of the wise. Up this river we made our way, till a point was reached near where the old Fort Pueblo was first erected, which in after years, I helped to build, where, now, the very earth is made to tremble at the heavy tread of the iron horse.

It was now getting late in the season, winter was fast approaching, and our little company went into winter-quarters to await the coming of another spring. At this camp our little band of braves was strengthened by the arrival of six Delaware Indians and a young half-breed, we knew as Nez Perces Jack. These Delawares had just had an encounter with the Cheyennes. These Delawares were a band of desperadoes, and, like the wandering Jew, were making their foot-prints in the western wilds. With these Delawares we laid our plans for the coming season;

they pledging themselves to accompany us if we would go into the Blackfoot country where beaver was plenty, which we consented to do.

Our company now consisted of twenty-three, all told, and we considered ourselves, and, in fact were masters of the forest. It is true, I was but a lad, yet I was counted as a man. Finally, spring came, and we again took up the line of march. We had fed our mules on cottonwood bark during the winter, and they were fat.

We had also chosen John Swanock, one of the Delawares, as our captain, as he had been the leader of his little band of six, and had taken them safely through all of the encounters that they had chanced to meet with. Those six Delawares were the terror of all Indians they chanced to fall in with.

One day, as we were nearing the Blackfoot country, in the far north-west, Captain Swanock, while we were camped for noon, to let our mules rest, called us all together, and stated to us that we were then on the edge of the Red Land, made red by the blood of all who chanced to fall into the power of those murderous Blackfeet Indians, and it stood all in hand to tend strictly to duty and be on the lookout.

This was a most timely and wise move of our captain, for, in less than five minutes, while he was still talking to us, we saw the heads of about fifty red-skins coming towards us, and on examining, we found that they were coming in upon us from all sides. Soon there appeared close by, one dressed in gaudy array. "That's the chief," said Swanock, "and I want him;" and he made signs for him to approach.

In less than a minute, Swanock had him by the hand, and

ordered him to sit down on a log close by, at the same moment he brought his faithful rifle down upon him and ordered him at once to command his people to retreat; death would be his portion if they advanced another step.

The chief spoke good Spanish, and could easily understand, and was prompt to obey, for well he knew his fate in case of refusal. His warriors were under good discipline, and seeing the situation, soon moved back, and no firing was done. By this time all of our mules had been thrown down in a circle, and their legs tied, to serve as a breastwork in case of necessity, and all stood, with guns in hand, ready for action, listening to the conversation between Swanock and our rival guest. I can almost see the keen black eye of Swanock, the Delaware, as it seemed to pierce the very soul of the chief, and read his inmost thoughts. The chief used much persuasion and flattery to induce our party to join his village, saying, that if we would do so, we could load our animals with beaver in a short time, and they had many skins that they would give us.

When the chief got through speaking, Swanock, the Delaware, who had listened to his talk, said: "I am an Indian, and you cannot catch me in the trap that you have set for me." At the same time, saying: "Boys, saddle your mules, we must leave here, this is bad ground to fight on."

During this time, poor Jack had become infatuated with the chief's persuasive words, and became decided to go with him, and live in his village. Swanock remonstrated sharply against his going, but to no avail; he stated to Jack, that he would not live one minute after he got beyond the reach of our rifles. But all of our persuasions failed.

Swanock told the chief to go and he could follow with his men if he chose to do so, that any other place was better to fight on than where we then were.

Swanock gave the word, and we were all mounted, he leading the way. The chief led off toward his men; we had hardly got beyond the reach of gun-shot when suddenly a company of horsemen, with lances, charged from behind a small eminence, and in less than one-half minute, poor Jack's body was cut into as many pieces as there were joints in it; and we could see them throw into the air, his legs, arms, head and all parts of his body. Then, suddenly, a little to our left, appeared the same chief, on a shining black horse, with poor Jack's scalp on the point of a lance. He told us that he would have had all of our scalps, had it not been for Swanock, the Delaware.

Thus ended the career of poor Jack. And who knows but that it was his spirit that caused me to lay down the saw and pruning-knife about one hour since, to write these lines.

Having now complied with the wish of whoever it may be, I will lay down the pen, and take up the pruning-knife and saw, and resume my work again.

MARVELOUS FORESIGHT.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., April 5, 1885.

DEAR MRS. BERRY: The dear *Watchman* came to hand this week—a messenger of kindness and love—its pages replete with humanity's uplifting. And among its mysterious unfoldments, the seventh page bears reading that I readily recognize as another fulfillment of that strange, long ago vision that I have

spoken of in other papers. "*Jottings by the Way-side*," by John Brown, Sr., San Bernardino, Cal., and the poem, "*Strange Things*," by J. Hacker, Berlin, N. J., both occupying the same page, is a veritable repetition of what I saw and read, in a vision, *fifty-one* years ago, this month.

My memory on these subjects of fulfillments, as they occur from time to time, reviving things that have been lost to memory for years, is very marvelous; and I can account for it in no other way, than that the same power that exhibited those mysteries then, has passed along my life-path with me, and re-impresses my mind with recruiting evidence of my thoughts on the subjects when received. I well remember now, when I look at that page, in *reality* of saying, *fifty-one* years ago:

"*Well, if I should ever see a paper called the Watchman, and read a story with the name of Nez Perces Jack in it, and a poem, 'Strange Things,' on the same page, I can't help but know that it is the same thing that appears to me now.*"

Yes, and even that the two pieces were written, one at the Atlantic side and the other at the Pacific side of the United States—the names of "*Berlin*" and "*San Bernardino.*" Marvelous! Oh, how marvelous to me! When thinking of that strange experience of the long ago, I sometimes think that I was a newly set mile-stone on the road-side of the Ages, upon which was inscribed the fast ripening unfoldments of the future, but who were the intelligences to do that mystic work, is a very great enigma.

I so fear that people will feel annoyed with what I have to say on the subject, that I feel a shrinking from taking up my pen to say anything more—but the impression comes so strongly to

"write," that I am *obliged to obey.* I often find myself repeating the words, "*next June,*" which I am now impressed, means that this must go to the world in June.

I can come to no other conclusion, when ruminating on the wonderful experiences of my isolate life, than that there is an intelligent wisdom beyond my comprehension, who understands the future, as well as the past; and all humanity, as well as the great universe of space, matter and spirit, are subject to *immutable law* whose office is *evolution.* Why the general news of the times, and many of the newspapers from 1881 down to the present, were shown me so vividly, so long before their actual appearance, is a subject too deep for me to solve. Perhaps some greater minds need these simple truths for thought-food. I sincerely trust that they will do no harm.

At your discretion.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[It is, indeed, marvelous that the lady should have had those things so long ago foreshadowed to her. We feel that it is but just to state that we were strongly impressed to print the poem, "*Strange Things,*" after we had read it in *The Liberal,* and although we had other original matter awaiting publication, still we felt that we *must* use the poem.

We wrote to the author of the poem, Mr. Hacker, concerning his corresponding for *The Watchman,* and he wrote us that he was an Infidel, and did not believe in Spiritualism nor spirits. Now, we would submit the case to him and ask him if he can account for this strange coincidence, as above stated by Mrs. Pardee?

Furthermore, the "*story with the name of Nez Perces*

Jack in it," was written by Mr. John Brown, Sr., of San Bernardino, Cal., and, as he stated, (See April issue of *The Watchman*), he was compelled to drop his implements of labor, and leave his men waiting for his orders, while he sat down to write that story to be printed in *The Watchman*, as the spirits, at that time, said. Now, these are facts, which honorable people are bound to recognize, and which show a wonderful power of intelligence connecting the wisdom of Mrs. Pardee, *fifty-one* years ago, with the actual occurrence of the present. Will some Infidel, or some Materialistic believer give us their solution of the affair? Can they tell what power, if not that of souls in spirit life, caused us to select and print that poem, "*Strange Things*," written by one who was an utter stranger to us, and whom we afterwards ascertained was an Infidel? Also, can they tell what power caused John Brown, Sr., of San Bernardino, Cal., to drop his work and write that story, "*Jottings by the Way-side*"? And, above all, can they tell what power it was that caused Mrs. Pardee to see these things, and to mention the name of *The Watchman*, *fifty-one* years ago?

We can account for it as follows: That the same band of souls who comprise the *American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life*, and who are the controllers of the little sheet, *The Watchman*, saw, and did foreshadow, to Mrs. Pardee, the facts as above stated.

And also, that these same souls did influence John Brown, Sr., to write the story and send it to *The Watchman*. And, lastly, that they caused your humble servant, ourself, to so arrange the articles as to fulfill the vision of *fifty-one* years ago.

When we first read the account which Mrs. Pardee has kindly

given to the readers of *The Watchman*, and when we first recognized the *magnitude* of the incidents connected with the above, we were lost in wonder and admiration, concerning the workings of the souls of wisdom. And we were led to exclaim: "*It is almost too much for the people to believe.*"

Yet, we have every reason to believe that what Mrs. Pardee has given, is the sacred truth. And as for the genuineness of the articles mentioned, we can truly say that all that has been herein stated is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

These facts prove to our mind, that the planning of *The Watchman* was laid in spirit life *fifty-one* years ago, and perhaps longer ago than that. This little incident has also proven the efficient work that its humble workers are led to execute at the dictates of the unseen master-workers in spirit life.—Ed.]

CHAPTER II.

SECTION I.—THE HEAVENLY MANSION—MONUMENT—SPIRITUAL CONGRESS—RECORDS HIS NAME.

It was in the days of my childhood that our little band encamped for the night, in a lonely glen near the summit of the South Platte, that my guide came to me, and said: "John, come with me, I will show you that which is somewhat in advance of the present time, but will soon act a part in the great onward movement of man's development. As men in earth life are but children, unborn to all but a few things, it becomes necessary that they should have teachers to help them to a knowledge of a continued life." Our camp was situated beneath a tall pine, the fire was still blazing from the pine knots that had been thrown on it by those who last retired.

This light, to me, was a detriment, it retarded my progress, as I passed up through the branches of the tree with my guide. I found it quite difficult to pass between the branches of the tree, my vision was much darkened, and I think my guide was affected

in the same way, for we seemed to separate, and had considerable labor till we got beyond the foliage and the peculiar effect of our camp fire, which I can never forget; but, when beyond the reach of this entanglement all became harmonious, and we moved through space, I cannot tell how fast. It was not long before we settled down in a place all new to me. It was not on earth, for, as I stood upon, I knew not what, I would feel with my feet, but could detect nothing, apparently, but the atmosphere we live in. We then stood about one hundred feet in front of a large mansion, beside a monument of record. This mansion seemed to be entirely of marble, the monument was of some other material, and in front of it stood a sentinel, who, turning to my guide, said: "You have come to visit our spiritual congress, I perceive, but before entering you will please ask your friend, (referring to me), to register his name among the many others who have been here."

Without a word being spoken, the two rolled back the curtain, which covered the entire front, and the sentinel pointed, with his finger, to a vacant place on the left; and there on that monument I wrote my name, as I now write these lines for you, my friends, to look at; and if I thought it would be interesting to you, I would tell you that since then, I have been back twice to that same monument, and found my name as I wrote it, only it appeared to look more brilliant than when I first placed it there. The sentinel then remarked that we were at liberty to enter the hall, pass down the aisle and return. But before going farther let me tell you, as well as I can, the wonderful effect this visit had on me. Whether it was religion I experienced, or something else, I will leave it with you, reader, to decide; I felt as

though I was being initiated into some order, not secret, only to those that did not wish to know. It seemed as though all things had become new, so new that words were not made to describe them; if so, I cannot get them out of my little ink bottle without help; and, at this writing I have none. It seemed to me that I could hear singing and rejoicing, and that I was one of the original, or present owners of all things; and I in common with all, should form one common brother and sisterhood, the effect of which has never left me. As we entered and were moving slowly down the aisle, which extended through the center of the hall, I observed on either side, pews, like those in our churches. Those on my right contained books, maps, charts, records and stationery of different kinds. In those on my right were seated men of deep thought, they were legislators devising plans to create new republics, and guarding and caring for those, in which we to-day, enjoy a partial liberty. When we reached the far end of the hall, we met a sentinel, who remarked to my guide, that as we had not come there to stay, we were at liberty to view all, and take back to earth anything we saw that our friends would like; but, I saw nothing that could be brought away, even the candlesticks seemed to be made of marble and were stationary. The candles in them, were the same, and seemed to be everlasting. They were not burning, that I could see, and the use of them, or the good they did I cannot tell.

Everywhere was light; not a red, but a soft white light, which seemed to penetrate all things, and make them transparent. Since that memorable event of my life, I have felt that all men and women of this earth, and those who dwell in the state adjoining, are classed off into grades or classes, according

to their goodness, knowledge, standing or harmonious blending. As like attracts like, so we are drawn by the law of attraction to those of our like. It will not require a close observer to see that each class is awarded a teacher according to their wants or merits. Much remains to be said on this subject; for the close observer will see that it is the door into our father's house, where there are many mansions.

SECTION II.—THE LEANING TREE—SEES TALBERT COMING.

It was upon the banks of the Arkansas River close to where it emerges from its hiding place among the dark, deep canyons, that we built our first winter quarters in the then far off wild region of the Rocky Mountains. Well do I remember our little stockade. It was made of cottonwood logs set on end about three feet deep, in a trench dug in the ground. Our houses were built on the inside, and were covered, and nicely plastered with mud. It was in this rude, but convenient abode, that my spirit guide first came to me. The winter was warm, and the Indians, with whom I was to trade, had gone far away; nothing but the wild beasts of the forest, which paid us nightly visits, were there to disturb the quiet we possessed.

Nearly half a century has gone by, and, oh! what a change. How little did I think I would ever be impressed to write these scenes of my boyhood days. Yet, I always had a foreboding that I was on a mission of eternity, and was not alone; and I find all this to be true, for I am not alone, and one object I have in talking to you, reader, is to convince you that you are not alone. Let me then invite you to go back to my new friend,

my spirit guide, as I named him, and see what he wanted with me. Well do I remember when he entered the room and called me to go with him, well do I remember climbing down the rough logs, my berth being the upper one, and going out into the open woods with him to a leaning tree whose branches spread out over the blue waters of the river; my guide ascended the tree, and standing erect beckoned me to follow, which I did with the same ease that I could move over the smooth level ground. When we had reached the top he pointed southward and said: "John, look;" and, there in the distance I saw, about thirty miles away, a man coming, riding on a white mule, with whom all in our little fort were acquainted. My guide told me he was from New Mexico, and showed me what time in the day he would arrive. I knew the man, I was close to him, yet I was far away. His name was John Talbert; he may be on earth yet, I hope he is and will see this and write to me or you, and tell all he knows. My guide, as we stood upon the top of the tree, requested me to state all I saw and heard, to my companions. He said the time had come when the spirits had become hunters and fishers of men, and none, however poor, or of whatever color, would be left uncalled—uncared for; and that the time would come when all would meet in each other's embrace, and know for themselves that they were not alone. My guide then smilingly said: "Come, my child, let us now go back, I say my child, for I know you will accept me for your father and I will watch over you."

We descended to the ground, and when at the door of my room he motioned me good-bye. I remember well, how I climbed up and got under my blankets. In the morning I stated

what I had seen regarding the man who was coming, but nothing else, as we did not anticipate the arrival of any one, especially from New Mexico. The men in the fort had a good laugh at me for believing in dreams, as they called it. After breakfast, to pass away the time and continue the laugh, they invited me to go and show them the tree I ascended, which I did, and I could see right where I placed my feet to ascend in the night; but of course no one believed a word I said. But when the time came, and Mr. Talbert arrived on his white mule, the laugh was on the other side. Does any one think I have been alone since that memorable night?

No, my friends, however dark the night may be, do no mean act, thinking you are alone, for I assure you a record will be kept of all your acts, and you will keep it. Strive, therefore, to lay up treasures in Heaven, where moth will not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; then, when you have fought the good fight, and finished your work, and have reached the side of the little river, you can look over and see bright faces, and hear sweet voices saying: "We knew you were coming, and we have come to greet you; welcome to our heavenly home." I hope it will be well with me, and that I will meet you there, where we will sing the song of victory won.

SECTION III.—CAPTURE OF THE BEAR.—PROPHECY FULFILLED.

It was in those early days when the buffalo, elk, bear, deer, antelope and mountain sheep (big horn, as the Indian called them), mixed with occasional bands of wild horses, were as numerous almost as the trees of the forest, covering the hills,

the valleys and the plains; where the husbandman now cultivates the soil, where the land is dotted with towns, cities and villages; where lofty spires and pealing bells all help to celebrate the anniversary of man's deliverance; and the iron horse, to gladden the hearts of men, has taken the place of the old pack mule, and left him among many other things that we are passing, which mark the progress of man; that Estes, Stone and myself spread our robes for the night beneath a tall fir tree, whose leaves had accumulated for many years, until raised some two feet above the common level, and whose apex was sharp with limbs extending downwards and outwards, so close and so well constructed that no rain could wet this natural bed. It was in this solitary place, in the dead of the night, when all was still except the howling of the buffalo wolf, in the distance, that my spirit guide, my angel friend, with whom, I am waiting to go and live, came to me and said: "John, come with me." We had not gone far before we came to a lone depression, or deep ravine, whose sides were covered with small oak trees or brush, with an occasional pine tree. Right there, my guide seemed to disappear, or rather I thought he was close behind me, and I was mounted on my horse, with Estes and Stone on either side of me, when the following conversation was had. As we looked across the ravine I saw a huge grizzly bear moving rapidly up the steep mountain side. I remarked, "he has got the wind of us, and will not stop running for a long time, and we cannot get him." "Yes," said Estes, "he is too far away." We then discovered another large grizzly, on the opposite side of the ravine, among the oaks, eating acorns. Estes then said to me, "Brown, which way does the wind blow?" I replied that it

blew up the valley. He said, "No, it blows down." I told him I knew it was the wrong time of day, (I saw it was nearly night), for it to blow up, but I felt positive it did. There was but very little air moving; and, to determine which way it blew, we pulled wool from our robes, tied to our saddles, threw it up, then we wet our fingers in our mouth, and held them up to see which side would get cold first; and, from all indications, Estes concluded I was right, and said to me, "John, you go ahead and lay the plan and we will kill the bear." I then, after secreting our horses, placed Stone on a small eminence close by, where he could see the bear, myself and Estes, as we crossed the ravine to the level plain on the opposite side. I told him to look sharp, and when I had gone to where the bear would be in a line with us, he should motion with his hat, which he did. I then placed Estes with his back against a large pine tree, about where I thought the bear would catch me, in case I made a bad shot. I advised him to keep cool and not get excited. I told him I would go down into the brush, shoot the bear, then retreat back, close by him; and if the bear followed, he would catch me near where he stood, and he could kill him, before he would have time to kill me. "All right," said Estes. "I'll be with you." I then descended the bluff, in a line towards Stone. I had not gone far before I heard a rattling in the leaves; and, stooping down, saw the bear through the thick brush; but could not tell which end his head was on. I had no time to lose, I was close to him, and was fearful he might smell me, in which case, my chance for life would be small, as he would, in all probability, come direct for me. My position was such as to allow no farther delay, and I ventured to make the deadly shot, as it

proved to be. I had no sooner fired than I heard a hideous growl and the cracking of brush behind me; for I assure you I did not wait to see what effect my shot had. I ran by Estes, who, seeing no bear coming, accompanied me to a safe retreat from the scene of our adventure. I then saw Stone, standing where I had left him, making signs that all was safe, that I had killed the bear. He then started down the bluff in the direction of the bear, which gave Estes and myself assurance that we were safe in retracing our steps to where I had so recently considered myself in most imminent peril. On reaching the place where the bear stood when I shot, we found he had rolled several rods down the gorge, tearing and biting off limbs from small trees as large as a man's arm. In his dying struggles he had cleared off a place sufficiently large for us to work in skinning him. He was a monster, the king of the forest, weighing nearly twelve hundred pounds. As I stepped close to him, I felt timid, as though the small, round, leaden ball had only paralyzed him, and that he might get up; which caused me to look and see if the others were near. Here, all seemed to vanish, all seemed to fade out; and, only on awakening in the morning did I realize what I had seen and what I had passed through. I related all to my companions, who declared that nothing of the kind should take place. Estes protested that he never had told any man to go ahead, and he never would.

Yes, all that I had seen, all that I had heard and felt, I related to my two companions. I was as particular to try and make them understand all, as I have been with you in telling you all. We spoke of it many times during the day, as we rode along, till after noon, when all knowledge of what I had told them, and of

what we had all talked of, was taken from us. We were all as though nothing of the kind had ever been thought of. But the time came, and we all three, stood beside the monster, who lay upon his back, with our knives in hand, when all of a sudden Estes dropped his knife and declared he would not take any of that meat. At the same moment, all of us recollected what had been said; and just as I have related it to you, so it transpired with us. Every word was spoken, every act was done as I have here related it. The great mystery to me, was the taking from me all knowledge of what I had passed through and made known. It is easy to read the writing on the wall, after it is made known to us what it is; but how was I deprived of that knowledge, will some one tell, and thus may we be able to see through a glass clearly.

Section iv.—warning of danger.

Our little party of six had completed their labor for the day by setting our traps, and had retired about two miles, and had scarcely lain down to rest, when some one, unseen by me, removed the robe, with which I was covered, then took me by the arm, pulled and shook me, telling me, at the same time, to get up and go away from there, and be quick, that all would be killed if we remained. Thus it continued till at last I got up, told the men what I had heard and felt. Fisher, one of our men, also stated that he had been treated the same way and advised all to leave; we soon had our horses saddled and went about one mile out on the desert, where we slept soundly. In the morning we retraced our steps to the little valley we had so abruptly

left, and there, where we had lain down, was the trail made by a war party of Blackfoot Indians, who had passed in the night, without distinguishing our sign from that of elk, deer, etc. Had we stayed there, all would have been killed before we could rise to our feet. In all candor let me ask who was it that saved our lives by moving us from under the tomahawk of the savage Blackfoot?

SECTION V.—MARVELOUS VISION—WONDERFUL FULFILLMENT.

It was near the majestic old landmark, Pike's Peak, that my guide came to me one night, and said: "John, come with me." (Strange, but true, I never had control over myself, and could not resist, neither could I, or did I ever ask a question. Many times, I promised to do so, but I never could; only once, in all my experience, did I refuse to go, then I did not speak, and only once do I remember of speaking to my spirit guide.) I had not more than started, when we stood on the bank of the Arkansas River, near the Pueblo, thirty miles distant. My guide said "come," we moved slowly, entered, and stood near the center of the fort; on our right stood a white woman, and two white children. They all three had on checkered aprons. The woman had on a bonnet made of calico with wooden slats to keep it from falling down over her face. She looked pleasantly towards me, and seemed to say who are you, and where did you come from? My guide said, "John, Mr. Waters has come, he brought that family with him, look." Without moving one step, I saw, outside of the fort, the wagon, oxen, yokes, chains and all that belonged to the wagon. I saw it just as you, reader,

would, if you had owned and used it; the running geer was painted red, the box blue. There was a large pile of wood, which had been hauled the day before, beside it. I then, from where I stood, looked into the store room, and saw there, all the different articles of trade Mr. Waters had bought, consisting of tobacco, powder, lead, knives, belts, scabbards, shirts, hats and many other articles, amongst which was a box of small white clay pipes, a thing never known in that country before. We always used stone, iron or wood, something durable.

My attention was next called to a fine looking, iron-gray mare, which, my guide said, Mr. Waters had brought for Mr. T. Goodale, then a member of my camp. I examined her closely. She had no shoes on, and was in good condition for having traveled nearly one thousand miles. My guide then said, "that is all," and in almost no time I stood at my lodge door. On entering, I saw where some children (half breeds), by the name of Owens, the same Owens who was with Fremont and Kit Carson in California, had been marking with coal on the door or entrance to my lodge, which was never allowed; yet I saw it in the night as I entered.

In the morning I found the men in my lodge, waiting for the news. I related all I had seen except the family, that I kept for the last; and I assure you that was astonishing, for a white woman to come to that country was something that never was, and supposed never would be; it was no place for them. But it was true; a family by the name of Wasburn had come up with Mr. Waters, on their way to the Pacific Coast, and made their journey by way of the Spanish trail to California. When I related the fact of Mr. Waters coming with an ox team, all said, that could not

be so, for he had taken mules to the states with him, for that purpose. Reckoning the time, they all said it was two months too soon, and, that Mr. Waters certainly had not come. Goodale, on learning about the mare, said he had sent by W., to bring him a horse from Missouri, I was asked if that was all. I answered, "No; as yet I have told nothing, it all remains to be told." This raised them to their feet, and all exclaimed, "What is it? what is it? tell us quick!" I then related the facts regarding the arrival of a white woman, whereupon all in camp raised the regular, Indian war-whoop, declaring the whole story to be false, and asked me if I thought all the people of the United States had gone crazy, and sent a lunatic to that country. Soon all became quiet, and began to look back to see if they could find one thing, which I had told them that had not come true. Finding none, they asked if what I had then told them was true. I told them I was positive, I knew it to be true. They asked me if I would bet, I told them no; I said, I know it to be true, and betting will not alter the fact. Goodale then said he had a mule tied by the foot at the door, and he would put his saddle on it and start in five minutes for the Pueblo. "All right" said Owens, "I will administer the oath;" and Goodale, with the muzzle of his loaded rifle in his mouth took the pledge to return next day, dead or alive; and, in a few minutes he was on his mission and out of sight.

Time moved on, night came, and with it my guide. He said, "John, keep still, all is right, it is good to know these things." He pointed me to where the sun would be when Goodale would arrive, and he was gone. When the time came, one of the party exclaimed, "there comes some one down the valley, lead-

ing something." Soon, we all saw it was Goodale leading his mare. He came into camp with a small clay pipe in his mouth, it was new, a new shirt, and a plug of tobacco on his saddle, and leading his mare, which answered my description so completely that all in camp were dumb. Not a word was uttered for half an hour. At last, a Frenchman said he had done no wrong, and was not afraid, and wanted to know of Goodale the news. Goodale replied that he had no news to relate. He said, "Brown had told them all. Just as Mr. Brown described the things to us, so it is. Here is the mare, look at her; I brought this shirt and tobacco to convince you, and here, see the pipe." Some one asked: "How about the woman?" Goodale replied that she was there, and the two children; and, that they had on checkered aprons and bonnets as I had described. It was then arranged for all to go to the Pueblo next day, which we did; and found everything as had been described, even the woman and children stood where I had seen them in the night; and their dresses looked to me the same as when I first saw them.

On approaching the woman, she asked me where I was from, and said, she would think she had seen me somewhere, if she did not know it was impossible. She asked me how I liked to live in such a wild country. She said her husband was a blacksmith, and they thought they could better their condition in leaving for California, and were on their way there. I told her I loved a frontier life, but was taken aback to see her in such a wild, romantic region; that no woman should come to that country except those who could straddle a horse without a saddle, bridle or rope, with only a club in each hand, one to urge him along, the other to guide him by striking him on the side of his head

to turn him, and thus flee from the enemies; who would put her to a horrible death, or make her a prisoner for life, which would be still worse.

SECTION VI.—ANOTHER PROPHECY.—BREAKING THE MULE'S LEG. THE EFFORT TO PREVENT A FAILURE.

One night, in my wild mountain home, it was about 1843 or 4, (dates I have forgotten), my guide came to me and told me: "To-morrow you will throw a stone and break your riding mule's hind leg." By riding mule, or horse, as the case may be, is meant one that will stand without being tied, one that you can get off from and leave while you go in pursuit of elk, bear, deer or other game, and in case you have to run from Indians or animals, will not take fright and leave you to be scalped by Indians or torn in pieces by a grizzly; but he will let you get safely on his back, then carry you out of danger.

My guide took me out into the valley where my mule was standing, about thirty yards distant from us. I picked up a stone, threw it and broke the leg as my guide had said. He then said: "There, you see what you have done. Now, you tell all your companions what I have shown you, and let them prevent it if they can."

At this time I lived in a lodge in Indian style, with two men named Briggs and Burrows, and as usual, I found, on waking, all the men in camp sitting quietly around me; as by this time they had become firm believers in what I could tell them, and no one would leave camp, or turn loose any horses until they had consulted the prophet, as they called me, and would then

use such means as they thought would prevent coming to pass what I had told them.

On this occasion, I requested them to prevent, if possible, breaking the mule's leg; I told them it would occur about sunset. They then placed a guard over me and declared I should not go out of the lodge that day; and thus they felt sure they had spirit and prophet both in their power. And, I assure you, reader, I was just as desirous as any one to prevent the act from taking place. But, notwithstanding they, on many other occasions, had used the same or similar methods to prevent my sayings coming true and always failed, yet they had hopes of being successful this time. I must explain to the reader that in that wild country, in those early days, we had one man hired, (usually a Mexican,) to guard our animals in the daytime when we were not traveling, and bring them up to our camp about sunset, when every man who owned horses would take them to some secluded spot and hide them, retaining a few, that would be tied in camp by the foot to a large stake. This was done to prevent the Indians from getting all, in case they came upon us. I remained a prisoner till nearly sunset, when a hue and cry was raised for all hands to turn out. "Here comes the cabalyado," (band of horses,) "every man take care of his horses!" Thus a tumult was raised, to which, all were accustomed on occasions of this kind, and I, with all the camp rushed forth to separate and drive my horses to their hiding place for the night.

Reader, not a man in that camp remembered one word or thing which had been said or done regarding this mysterious affair. All thought in reference thereto was taken from all, not even myself, who had been a prisoner all day, had the least conceiv-

able idea of breaking my mule's leg. It so happened that one of Burrow's mares had foaled a colt that day, to which my mule had become attached. Mr. B. was near his mare looking at the young colt, and as I was driving my horses, the mule, having made friends with the colt and its mother, would run back, which he continued to do as I would try to drive him away; after I had worked in this way for some time, I passed close to where Burrows stood, and remarked to him that I would throw a stone at him, which I did. The instant the stone went from my fingers everything flashed upon my mind; I turned my back towards the mule and remarked to Burrows that I had broken my mule's leg. He said: "I reckon not, at that distance," which was about thirty yards. I told him I saw the stone go just as I did in the night, and I knew the leg was broken. He then said: "I believe you have, for the mule made a jump and now cannot put his foot to the ground." Mr. Burrows then remarked, "there is something wonderful about this affair—it is certainly mysterious to think that we never can prevent a thing from transpiring that you say will." He then called all to come and witness that what I had told them had come true.

Calvin T. Briggs was from Boston, Mass. John Burrows was from Kentucky. They both married Snake women and raised large families; they came to California with me in '49, and remained at or near Sacramento about four years. Burrows then took his family and went to his old home in Kentucky where he could educate his children, and I have not heard from him since; I hope he may see this article as I wish to refer to him. Briggs and family have all gone, except one, to a new hunting ground in the land of the dead.

SECTION VII.—MODES OF RECEIVING COMMUNICATIONS—SHOOTING THE DEER.

During the years that my guide was constantly with me he informed me, nightly, of nearly all that would occur to the company on the following day, and even of trivial acts and circumstances. I seemed to have a double experience of events, one of prevision and one of realty. Although my guide did not look nor act as I did, yet so closely were we connected that at times I thought that we were one person. I could not separate myself from him nor could he from me, neither did either of us wish to do so. There seemed to be a complete oneness, and this close connection lasted over three years, without the intermission of a single day or night.

During this time he would, by word, gesture, or by a writing already prepared, make known to me future occurrences. If in writing, he handed me a roll of manuscript, and by unrolling it I appeared to be instantaneously impressed with every word there written, and could repeat it on the following day, but after the events, set forth, had transpired, it soon passed from my memory; and sometimes there would be a temporary blank before the occurrence, in case efforts were made to defeat the fulfillment of the prevision. During this period of my mountain experience, I was on one occassion out hunting with companions, camping wherever night overtook us, and the incidents of the day, the nature of the camping grounds, etc., were all pictured out to me by my guide.

Once he told me I would kill a deer late that evening at a place where we would camp for the night, and that I would

shoot it in the center of the forehead. When I related this to my companions they declared that I should not, and one of them, Asa Estes, took my gun from me, discharged it, and carried the empty gun all day on his saddle, so as to prevent any possible use of it by me. During the day the matter was frequently referred to, and they felt sure this time that the predicted event could not occur.

At evening, about camping time, we came to a deep gorge, and while looking for a place to descend the bluff we saw a deer coming down on the opposite side. We had for the moment forgotten the prediction, and Estes had forgotten why he was carrying my gun, for he said to me, "Here, John, take my gun and go down the bluff and kill that deer, while we go further along where we can get our mules down, and we will come back and camp near where you kill the deer, so as not to have to haul him to camp." It was contrary to our custom to use each other's guns; it was something we never did, but I took the gun, without a thought of this, and went down into the valley and concealed myself to wait for the deer to come down, knowing he was seeking water, as is their habit at evening.

The deer did not come into the opening as I expected, but turned into the bushes, and the first sight I again caught of him was at close range, his ears only being visible in the bushes. I aimed below and between the ears and fired, when instantly the whole scene as pictured to me in the morning flashed upon my mind, and upon the minds of all the party, and before going to the animal I knew just where the ball had struck him. Estes and the others came up, and to their astonishment, there lay the deer with a ball through the center of the forehead, and I stood

with Estes' gun and he with mine. This was always the way when efforts were made to prevent the fulfillment of a prediction. Notwithstanding my telling them the exact time of day the event would occur, and no matter how much we endeavored to keep it in mind, when the time come all thought of what had been said would be taken from us, and the occurrence would take place in spite of our utmost efforts to prevent. Then, as soon as the event had transpired the prediction would be recalled to the mind of each instantaneously.

SECTION VIII.—CLOSE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCES—HIS GUIDE LEAVES HIM—REASONS FOR SO DOING.

After many such occurrences some of the members of the company desired to make gains by betting on the result of my predictions, which they wished to have kept from the knowledge of those with whom they could make wagers. I refused, but they did sometimes bet without my knowledge or against my remonstrance. Finally, Timothy Goodale, one of the company, proposed to me to give the information to him exclusively, and that he would divide, equally with me, the money he could win. I refused, and resented the offer.

I shall never forget the indignant look my guide gave when next I saw him, as, pointing his finger at Goodale, he said: "John, gambling is an abomination in the sight of angels and all good men. Have nothing to do with that man." I obeyed his instructions, but his power to give me information seemed to have departed. The next night he came as usual, but had a sad look; he did not speak; removing his hat from

his head, he took from it a roll of manuscript, as usual, but instead of handing it to me, he seemed to make an effort to unroll it, only partially succeeding, when he, apparently with regret, replaced it in his hat and went away, I receiving no impression as to what the manuscript contained.

The next night he came again, in sadness and silence, as before, and made a motion as if he desired to remove his hat, but left as before, giving me no information. On the third night he stood by me a short time, and without a motion of any kind went away bearing on his face signs of sorrow and regret.

Since that time he has visited me only at long intervals, being apparently under the restraint of some one superior to himself.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO CALIFORNIA—RETURN OF HIS GUIDE.

The year 1849 saw, not only thousands from the east, but from all parts of the continent, and many from the old world, rushing to the new-found El Dorado. Among the number, was John Brown, and others of his company, from the Rocky Mountains. He settled, at first, not far from Monterey, at a place called San Juan, where he kept a public house and store. During his residence there, he was elected Justice of the Peace. He here formed the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Wm. J. Shaw, who has been for many years, a prominent business man of San Francisco. To this gentleman he had, at times, related portions of the experiences, described in the preceeding pages, expressing the wish that his guide would return to him. Mr. Shaw was much interested in these details, and said to Mr. Brown that he would like to be informed if he received a visit from him again.

About a year after his arrival in California, and after a con-

versation with Mr. Shaw, in which he had wished that his guide would come to him again as he formerly did, his wish was gratified; for not many days thereafter he came, took him out on the ocean, and showed him a steamer with a canvass stretched between the two masts, on which he read the words "California Admitted;" which he understood as affirmative, that by act of Congress, California had been admitted as a member of the Federal Union. He related this vision to Mr. Shaw, and that same day a steamer arrived at Monterey with the welcome news; and Mr. Shaw was the first to ascertain the fact, expressing great surprise at the fulfillment of the vision.

Thus, after a season of comparative rest, our medium is again visited by the untiring friend and guardian, and his mediumistic work commenced in the Golden State, by the annunciation of her admission into the union of states, where the great battle for human progress is being fought; the mightiest instrument of which is Modern Spiritualism.

A career was now opening of which he little dreamed. Instead of a few trappers and hunters, he was to meet with thousands of men and women, ignorant of immortality, and by various forms of spirit power, show them the light of life. To the "spirit of prophecy" was to be added a wondrous power of healing—at times—seeming to raise the very dead. This period of his mediumistic life will naturally resolve itself into two distinct phases which will be related in the ensuing chapters.

The following letter of introduction to the *Spiritual Offering*, on the occasion of Mr. Brown's visit to Mt. Pleasant Park Campmeeting, by Dr. D. S. Smith, will be a fitting preface to this part of our book.

EDITORS OFFERING:—My friend, John Brown, of San Bernardino, informed me a few days ago that he was going to meet the spiritual fraternity of your place and requested me to write you by way of introduction. Therefore, I write this, although it is not necessary as his noble character mirrors itself so forcibly in his countenance that to see him is to admire him if not to love him. As the countenance is the index of the soul he needs no other recommendation. But one with so much modesty as himself cannot see it, it may be a gratification to him to know that old and tried friends appreciate him enough to endorse him to others, accordingly I state a few brief facts, worthy of note, considering a lengthy acquaintance.

Although time and space will not permit me to enumerate the half I have seen of his powers of clairvoyance and spirit perception which to those unacquainted with our philosophy would be considered wonderful; as in many instances it almost approaches prophecy. I met him first at a circle or seance in the fall of 1859. I had arrived here a few days before with a store only expecting to remain a few months to sell goods to the Mormons who were vacating the place for Salt Lake, at the call of their leader, Brigham, therefore the greater mystery from what followed. I was an entire stranger to all present and after the circle was formed and Brown became entranced, he reached out his hand to me saying, "welcome, thrice welcome to our place," then turning to the others he said, "this young man has a great mission to fulfill, he comes amongst us to develop one of the greatest resources of our state, something that has not its equal in the world." I had not the faintest idea what he could mean and asked an explanation and his

answer was, "you will see, time brings all things to light." In a few weeks I discovered these springs and subsequent developments are proving his prediction true, for the powers are wonderful and every new development makes it a greater marvel; from that time to the present we have been intimate friends and I have witnessed much he has written in the *Offering*, and much more even as marvelous, if not more so. Even before coming to this place, I saw a man who was loud in his praise, having recovered from a dangerous gun-shot wound through his instrumentality. He had lain for several months with a wound that would not heal, and surgeons had examined it often but could find no apparent cause; John Brown coming to the place (Los Angeles) he had him come in and make a clairvoyant examination and he told him there was cloth in the wound. The surgeons of Los Angeles disputed it, so the man went to San Francisco and the surgeons there took from the wound the cloth as Brown had predicted.

I resided for many months in his family, and while there often witnessed his clear seeing. One time he told me to go to the post-office as a mystery had arrived in the mail, a letter had come addressed to him and written to him yet it was not to him as it was on business he knew nothing about; I went and got the letter and found what he had said was true; it was to him or his name and there was no other in the place of the same name, but it was on matters he knew nothing about.

Again I was attending a sick child and just as I was about to start he says "you need not go, the child is dead, it died just five minutes ago;" I noted the time and walked to the house and found his prediction true.

Another time a child in the place was pronounced dead by the attending physician, Brown says "no it is not dead it only sleepeth, I will go and awaken it;" accordingly he went to the child, made a few passes over it, when the child began to show signs of life. "There," says Brown, "it is alive and in a little while will call for food," which also proved true; and it goes now that Brown raised the dead, and the probability is had Brown not gone to the child it would have remained in that comatose state until death really did occur or it had exhausted its vitality in nature's effort to throw off the obstruction, just as it was accomplished and the vitality imparted by Brown gave it a renewal of life principle to again build up; a principle common in spiritual magnetism.

So I might go on enumerating to you many pages did time and opportunity permit, but sufficient has been said for an introduction. Seeing is believing, so you will have samples of his powers if he remains long with you. He has much need of confidence in himself; having been always in the mountains and on the frontier, he does not know his own ability, and the natural refinement he possesses, which would readily admit him to any society, or he would never desire others to aid him in that respect. Hoping he will have a pleasant time amongst you which he so richly deserves, I am yours in spiritual truth.

D. S. Smith, M. D.

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKABLE TESTS.

SECTION I.—MURDER OF RUSH DICKEY—THE PLACE AND PARTIES DISCOVERED.

Judge Dickey, an honorable, good citizen, formerly postmaster of this place, had two sons, residents of San Bernardino. The eldest, Dr. D. R. Dickey, is an amiable physician and truthful gentleman; he resides here now. Rush Dickey, his brother, was county assessor, and beloved by all who knew him. These two brothers, with others, were about to start for Ft. Yuma on business. The day was set for their departure; but, on the morning they were to start the county clerk informed Rush that he could not go that day as some business connected with the assessment roll had to be finished, and it would take one day to do it. He advised the others to start and he would overtake them in two or three days.

They went on horse back by a trail across the desert, and

Rush, having finished his work, followed them the next morning. It was not long before one of the party returned from Yuma and inquired for Rush. Being told that he started the next day after they went, he said he had come over every foot of the trail and had not seen him, neither had he seen any track on the trail, nor had any one been over it since the company passed. Thus the matter rested, until another messenger arrived bringing the same news; it now became the talk of all, poor Rush was gone, was lost; he could not have perished for water for he took plenty with him; then if he had, he would have been found on the trail by the two men who came over it. Again, where was his horse? it neither came home nor left tracks.

Reader, what must have been the feelings of that venerable old man, whose head was whitened with the frosts of over seventy years, and whose silvery beard was constantly moistened with the dew of love's affection for his beloved son. The old gentleman was an infidel of that school which looks for new facts, new truths, and holds them fast when found.

Well do I remember how he looked as I met him one day and he asked me if I could do anything for him—if I could help him find his son. "Do, Mr. Brown, try." It was soon made known to me what to do, even his son Rush stood ready to explain, as soon as conditions were made right; a few who believed in spirit communion and some who did not, met in a little room and were told: "Go about forty miles easterly, on the road traveled by myself and companions, and after you pass the Agua Caliente about two miles you will find some oak trees a little to the right of the road, there you will find a part of my body." The question was asked: "Have the wolves devoured part of

it?" "No." Some one enquired if the birds had devoured a part, but to all such questions the answer was "No! No!" He then gave us the following history of his death and whereabouts. He stated it as plainly as I am stating it to you:

"I stopped at the Agua Caliente, where there was a small village of Indians, to eat some lunch, and rest my horse. Finally I mounted and went on; when about two miles on my way I met two Indians, one had a rifle, the other was armed with bow and arrows; as I passed them, the one with the rifle shot me through the body; as I fell to the ground my body was shot full of arrows, and I was soon dead. They then carried it to some trees a little way to the right of the road; what next they did to the body you will see when you get it. They were in the village when I stopped to eat my lunch, they asked me where I was going. I told them and they started from the village before I did, for the purpose of killing me; they accomplished their design. One of them is named Jose, the other Sarapa; you can find them in the Indian village. They killed my horse and ate him. They cut my saddle in pieces; you can find some of it scattered in their camp. My name is Rush Dickey, and what I tell you is true."

This statement got to the ears of the old father, who urged us to meet again and let him be present, which we did, and his son related to him all that he had to us the evening before. Bear in mind that not all who met in our circle were Spiritualists, several of them were opponents, and when Judge Dickey stated that he believed there was something in it and that he would issue a warrant for the arrest of the two Indians named, if any one would go and see if it was true, the unbelievers were the first to

volunteer, saying they would go just to defeat and stop all further communication with spirits. The next morning by daylight five of them started, and about two o'clock the following morning one of them returned for a horse and buggy, box, etc., to bring in the remains of poor Rush. They found everything just as described by the spirit of Dickey, even the two Indians were known. One was arrested and brought in, the other escaped to the mountains, but was afterward captured and killed.

When the remains were brought in, I was one of the first to visit them in the office of his father. Seeing Mr. Mathews, one of the exploring party, I asked him what he thought of the spirit's communication, he said it was all true but one thing—he was not shot with a rifle as the spirit said. It so happened at the trial of Jose, who spoke Spanish, that I was summoned to interpret in the case. The first statement the Indian made in his confession was that he shot Dickey first with his rifle, which made him fall from his horse. I asked Mr. Matthews, who was present, what he had to say to that? He replied that he knew all the time that Dickey was killed with a rifle, for he had the bullet in his pocket, but he didn't want it said that the spirit told all the truth.

I afterwards had a conversation with Rush Dickey, he stated to me that the reason he did not tell at first what had become of part of his body, was that it had been burned by the Indians, and he thought it would be too much for his aged father to stand, that his untimely death was all he could bear at the time. The father and son have gone to live with the wife and mother, relatives and friends, and are no small help to me in writing this little sketch for them.

SECTION II.—THE LOST STEERS FOUND.

As I left the dining room this morning and stepped out on the piazza it was raining, and I could not work out of doors, so I went up to my little room and sat down by my desk and began thinking what I should do. Presently something seemed to remind me that I had received many good letters from friends that had not been answered; and then, as with magic power, my arm reached out, my hand took up the pen, dipped it in the ink and began writing, thanking the friends for their good wishes, and promising to write to them when time and opportunity would permit; telling them to watch the *Offering* as they might find their answers there. My arm then reached out again and dipped the pen in the ink, and seemed to take therefrom a different fluid, and began writing things to me most wonderful. It wrote the names of Sherwood, Ayres, Van Leaven, Herring, Mrs. Heap and Mrs. Blackburn; those whom conditions have ripened and changed, like the egg which conditions have disrobed of its shell and sent forth a beautiful, ærial songster that still claims the earth as its home, and says to man, "though my germ life was brought from another clime, I am here to stay, and should be treated kindly; yes, I am here with my little songs to cheer the hearts of those who hear me." Then my arm reached out and dipped the pen in the ink again, and lo! a new ink—a new fluid appeared and I thought I heard some one whisper in my ear, saying: "John, we are making it easy for you." No sooner had the pen touched the paper than a spirit stood close beside me and said: "I am the man you met one day who asked you if you had seen any Texas steers in your travels. Mr. Brown, you

remember me—you remember I told you that soon after I reached San Bernardino from Texas, with my family, I lost five head of oxen, and thought they were stolen, as I had hunted for them about five months, and that was my last day—that I would look no more for them.

You know you asked me if I was a poor man, and I told you I was; you asked me if I had a strong desire to find my oxen, I told you I had; then you asked me to meet some friends at a certain house, near where I lived, the next evening and some of them would ask the spirits to help me to find them. I told you I was a member of the church, and thought Spiritualism was of the evil one, and if I had anything to do in that line, and it was known, it might be the means of my being expelled. I thought I had better lose the steers than have the church my enemy; but your reasoning and persuasive words, with a promise to keep it a secret, induced me to meet the friends at the time and place mentioned. It was a pleasant evening, and I remember all that was said and done at that meeting. The good spirits there said to me that my steers had not been stolen, but were understood to say *had* been stolen, but were fine and fat, and if I would go with them the next day (Sunday,) they would accompany me, and would influence me to go where I would find them in time to return before sunset the next day. My wife persuaded me and I went. I was instructed to go in an easterly direction, which I did with a determined will to take the left hand road at the forks, which was about five miles distant, and go over the grounds I had ridden over many times before, and where I was convinced my steers could not be. I confess that I felt timid, and would as soon not have found them as to

have found them by spirit agency. Before arriving at the forks of the road I had forgotten all, and it was only after having passed that point some distance that I bethought myself of where I was; I was not on the road I intended to have taken. I stopped my horse, but something seemed to remind me of what I had been told, and my horse becoming restless I determined to go as I was directed, let the consequences be what they might. I then felt in my soul that I would find my steers as I had been informed; and I became determined to resist no longer. I then proceeded on my journey about eight miles towards the summit of the San Gorgonia pass, when all of a sudden my horse stopped and looked ahead as though he saw something in front of him; I could see nothing; he then started in a fast walk. Presently I saw in some bushes two head of cattle; on approaching them, they proved to be mine; my horse, as well as myself, seemed to enjoy the meeting. There was a language I did not understand then, but I now do; we all agreed that we crossed the plains together. I then rode to some elder trees near by—there was my other three steers; and before the sun went down I was at home with them, as you, Mr. Brown, know, for you saw them in the corral. You asked me what I thought in reference to what the spirits had told me respecting my steers; my answer was, my thoughts are private property, and I do not feel at liberty to express them. But what I knew was another thing. I knew what the spirits had told me had come true; and now I am here for the purpose of helping you write this little narrative, for it is the basis on which I found my steers. The spirits knew they could bring about this result or they would have paid no attention to my wants, and I have long sought this opportu-

nity to confess my faults. I stated, on my arrival at home with my steers, that I saw a man drive them from a corral, which was an untruth, and it has troubled me much. I saw no man—I saw no corral—no one lived near where I found them; I know of no evil one being connected with this affair; it was the spirit of my first wife, who influenced you, Mr. Brown. She saw and had compassion on me and my family; she accompanied me many days while I was searching for my lost property, as I have since learned. She was instrumental in my finding my property by a pledge she made to others, that if my property should be restored to me by spirit agency, which was against my will, she would never cease trying till she had made the children of earth familiar with its history, and this, with my help, she has now done, and oh! how glad, how glad."

Then my arm reached out, and the pen rolled out and lay upon the desk.

SECTION III.—BIBLE EXPERIENCE IN HUNTING, NOT EXACTLY STEERS, BUT ASSES.

[I append the following from the *Spiritual Offering*, as an appropriate commentary of the foregoing experience of John Brown.—ED.]

"*Spirits hunting oxen is small business*," was the remark made by an opponent of Spiritualism after reading an account of John Brown's peculiar experience as related in this number. Before reading the proof sheets to him we were quite sure what his answer would be, and being a church member and of course a believer in the Bible, we asked him if he had ever read anything

of the kind in that book? His reply was prompt and very emphatic, "No sir!" Handing him the Bible, with which we are quite familiar, he was asked to turn to 1st Samuel, ix chapter, and please read. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see people, who have worshiped this book, and read it all their lives, express in their every look, perfect astonishment when their attention is called to some of its revelations. In this instance our Christian friend was actually bewildered. We asked him to read it for us, he declined, but listened while we read as follows:

"3. And the asses of Kish, Saul's father, were lost. And Kish said to Saul, his son, Take now one of the servants with thee and arise, go seek the asses.

"4. And he passed through mount Ephriam, and passed through the land of Shalisha, but they found them not; then they passed through the land of Shalim, and there they were not; and he passed through the land of the Benjamites but they found them not.

"5. And when they were come to the land of Zuph, Saul said to his servant, that was with him, come, let us return; lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us.

"6. And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honorable man; all that he saith cometh surely to pass; now let us go thither; peradventure he can shew us the way that we should go.

"7. Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels and there is not a present to bring to the man of God; what have we?

"8. And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I

have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way.

"10. Then said Saul to his servant, well said; come, let us go. So they went unto the city where the man of God was.

"14. And they went up into the city: and when they were come into the city, behold, Samuel came out against them, for to go up to the high place.

"15. Now the Lord had told Samuel in his ear a day before Saul came, saying.

"16. To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people Israel, that he may save my people out of the hands of the Philistines: for I have looked upon my people, because their cry is come unto me.

"17. And when Samuel saw Saul, the Lord said unto him, behold the man whom I spake to thee of! this same shall reign over my people.

"18. Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is.

"19. And Samuel answered Saul, and said, I am the seer: go up before me unto the high place; for ye shall eat with me to-day, and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart.

"20. And as for thine asses that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them; for they are found. And on whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee and thy father's house?"

In calling the attention of our Christian friend to this incident related in the Bible, we had two objects in view; first,

to answer the charge he made, and that others so frequently bring against Spiritualism; the frivolous character of the communications. They may appear so from a purely materialistic standpoint, hence the publication of above extracts that Spiritualists may have arguments and facts at hand to turn the tables upon this class of opponents. If it was "small business" for the poor farmer who had lost his oxen, upon whose labor his family depended for support, to call for help from his fellow mortals passed to the other life, was it not emphatically "small business" for a prophet, a "man of God," to give information about half a dozen lost asses?

Second. It is constantly urged by our Christian friends that Spiritual mediums having these divine gifts, should give freely to all, that no charge should be solicited for admittance to their seances. From this passage of the Scriptures we find that all who visited this "man of God" were expected to compensate him in some way.

SECTION IV.—REMARKABLE TEST TO A GERMAN—BROWN GOES TO GERMANY IN THE SPIRIT—DAVID'S FATHER TALKS TO HIM.

Dear Offering: According to man's measurement, there are many miles between us, yet we are close neighbors; and your weekly visits to me are welcome, coming, as you do, laden with kind words from friends over the river, which reminds me that the nearer we approach them the better we are prepared to see, hear, converse and associate with them. By this, we can learn that we are of one family, and should be friends and work for each other's well being. I remember when they would come

and take me with them, and show me how we live after we are dead, as they then called it, as I could not then understand the change we take by any other name.

Often, have I accompanied them to the old countries, where I have been shown the old homestead of some one, who was desirous to know if their relatives were still living. I will relate one instance. A German, by the name of David Brandenberger, was working for me. He said to me one day, that he had been told I could tell things regarding the dead, and he would like to have me tell him something about his friends in the old country if I could; I told him I would try.

So, that evening, we sat around the table, and soon came *en rapport* with spirit friends. I then left this body—moved rapidly through space alone, and settled down, apparently in a new country. I saw new fields with scattering trees, left for shade, barns, fences, etc., all of which I plainly saw, and on the right hand, or south side of the road, which ran east and west, stood a house, to which my special attention seemed to be directed.

I first examined the outside so close that I could tell the material it was made of. I could even tell the size of the glass in the windows, and what the shingles were made of.

Next, I examined the well; I measured it; how, I do not know; yet I could tell the number of feet down to the water, and the depth of the water—its diameter, could see what it was walled up with, and the method of drawing water therefrom, and yet, I did not go close to it. I next examined the inside of the house and knew all, even to the curtains around the bed and windows, the old clock that hung in the corner, the knives, forks, and spoons. On the north side of the road stood the barn. I

also examined it closely. It contained stable for two horses only. A little way from the house stood the old tree, where once the little ones used to have their swing on the large limb that extended toward the road, the marks of which, were still imbedded in the limb.

I then awoke, as it were, found myself as I had sat down with those around me but a few moments before. My clothes were saturated with water from perspiration. My right arm, without any help from me, reached across the table, took David by the hand. I was compelled to speak, not against my will, for I had determined to let come what would. I said, "David, my son, I am here, I am not dead, I often come to see you, and try to make you know that I am with you; and I try to help you." I then related to him where I had been and what I had seen. While doing so, the tears ran down his cheeks like rain, and he declared that was his father's house, and many a time, he had swung on the limb I had described. For a while he could not speak, when he did, he asked, "Father are you dead?" His father replied, "My son, you stood by the bedside, when I bid you and all good-bye. You went to the graveyard, saw my body placed in the ground, you know all this without asking." David replied, "My God, that is just so, it is every word true. I asked that question as a test to try the spirit." He then said, "Father, if this is you, sure, can you not give me a sign that I may know for certain, for myself that it is you?"

Answer. "Yes, my son, I can, I will! You remember I went early one morning, to mill, you saw a man on the ridge step behind a tree. He was waiting for me to come up, so as to ride to the mill. When I got close to him he stepped out, which

frightened my horse; he ran and tipped my cart over, in which my foot got fast and I was dragged for some distance, bruising me much, and tearing the skin from the back of my head and from my right shoulder."

Again, the tears flowed from his eyes, and for a time he was dumb. He next said, "I know that my father is here. I can feel him, and all he has said is true." It had such an effect on him that his hands would rise up about four inches from the table, and there remain. He would press them down, but they would rise again. I told him to leave them up, which he did. His father then signified that he wished to give his son further evidence of his presence. He said; "My son, you remember, one morning, I went out to cut grass before breakfast, when I returned to the house, my left wrist was badly cut, so much so, that all thought I would bleed to death. And, when the bleeding was stopped, all thought my wrist would always be stiff, but you know it got as well as it ever was, you know as well as I do how I cut it, and what with, and you tell this circle all how it happened."

To which, David exclaimed, "My God, what are the people of this world about that they do not investigate and find out what this all means. I will tell you what he cut it with. He went out to cut grass, as he says, when called to breakfast, he was bringing his scythe to grind it. He had a fence to climb over, and when on the top, set the heel of his scythe on the ground, his foot slipped; and, as he fell, his wrist struck on the edge of the scythe and cut it as indicated."

Reader, this man manifested his joy with many tears, and thanked his father, over and over again, for his goodness in

visiting him, and asked him to go with him all along the journey of life, which I presume he did; for, I know this man lived a noble and manly life from the time of our little meeting, till he went over the river to live with his father. And I do not know but he visits me, at times, as his father did him, and makes me strong in the good work we have to do.

SECTION V.—O. H. CARTER COMES TO JOHN BROWN ONLY THREE HOURS AFTER LEAVING THE BODY.

I knew a family by the name of Carter, who lived close by me; they were excellent people, and had a family of four boys; I think the father and mother never spoke a cross word to each other, or before their children; so they all grew up happily together till they concluded to emigrate to Utah. This they did, and no one looked for them ever to return.

About four months after this, I retired to rest one night as usual, and when all was quiet my room was filled with that new light "which lighteth every one" that seeks after it with right conditions, and there in the center of the room stood my good friend, O. H. Carter, almost as natural as when I last saw him. I got out of bed, walked straight to him, took him by the hand and said to him, "God bless you my good friend, I am glad to see you." I held him by the hand and was glad, yes, glad to meet my old friend; we had eaten together, lived together, slept together, worked together, and from the first time I saw him, we had been friends together, and I felt glad in my soul to meet him. Up to this time I did not know the object of his visit,

but all was serene, all seemed beautiful. He then spoke for the first time; his voice sounded as natural as when we used to camp together and talk of the earth, the moon, the stars, the spirits and our own being; the first word he uttered seemed to unite us as one, with a love that never could be taken from us. He said he was dead, or had passed out of the body; that he did not like to live in Utah and was on his way back to California; that when near Santa Barbara he was taken sick, and in a few hours left the body. "But you see I am not dead or I would not be here to night."

He said he had only been out of the body three hours, and knowing me as he did I attracted him to me, and that he had come to request me to be a friend to his family; that he had traveled so much that his means were all used up and he did not know what to do; "so I want you, Mr. Brown, to be a friend to my poor family; give them good advice; assist them in getting settled and getting a start to live again; my boys will soon grow up and be able to help my poor wife. I am sorry she feels so badly, you must tell her that I am not dead, that I live for her, to help her, and I intend to do so, and she must not feel so badly; now I will go back and try to comfort her."

Thus we parted. He left me standing on the floor in the middle of the room. He took away the blessed light, that light which "shineth in darkness." Thus you see the great love and affection one has for those they leave on the earth, their desire to be with them, and make them glad to meet them. Especially is this true of those whose lives are spent in each other's loving embrace. Oh, that blessed light; what an evidence it brings of that pure love we retain even after we have

stepped across the little stream! Let all Spiritualists strive to walk in that blessed light!

Before he left me we had made all necessary arrangements; Mrs. Carter was to come to San Benardino, then I was to see her.

When he left me standing on the floor and took the light with him, I called Mrs. Brown to get up and light the lamp and come and take hold of me and see that it was me. She did so, and asked me what I was doing, and requested me to get in bed. I also took hold of my body and limbs. I told her I wanted her to be sure that it was me. I then related to her all I had seen, and what had been said between Mr. Carter and myself, and I noted down the month, day of the month, and hour of the day, when he said he left the body.

In a few days Mrs. Carter arrived in San Bernardino and came to my house to see me; on entering the door she burst into tears and exclaimed: "O, my poor husband! I have seen him twice since he died. I know he is here, I can feel him. He was always good to me, and you, Mr. Brown, was the last one he spoke of when he was dying." Her statement as to place and time of death, etc., corresponding precisely with what I had noted down.

Now, if I have written a word by which you may be benefited, I am paid, and will say "Yes, I will write you in my peculiar way, in the *Offering*, of my experiences;" and let us remember that our friend, Oleander H. Carter's first work, after leaving the body, was to let his beloved wife and children know that he was still living, and loved his dear wife more than when he lived with her in the body, for he says: "My boys will soon

grow up and be able to help my poor wife, I am sorry she feels so badly; you must tell her I am not dead, that I live for her, to help her, and I intend to do so, and she must not feel badly; now I will go back and try to comfort her." Oh! what good, what cheerful, what heaven-born words. I hope I will be able one day to come back and help, cheer and make glad the souls of those I leave.

Mrs. Carter has since married a Mr. Ladd, and now lives at Gospel Swamp, Los Angeles Co., Cal. May the good angels bless all those distant friends who write me; and may the desire to help in the good work be "like bread cast upon the waters," and be the means of bringing back to you those you love.

Section VI.—Case of Mrs. Rowland.

During the early years of my residence in California, people often came to me for information regarding business matters, or, to ascertain if they could get messages from departed friends.

On one occasion a widow Gray, (now Mrs. John Rowland, of La Puenta, Los Angeles Co.,) came to my residence, bringing with her two children, the elder, a daughter, the other one, a son. She stated to me that she wanted to get some word, if possible, from her husband, who was killed by the Indians while the family were on the way to California, from Texas. The Indians stole some of their stock, and Mr. Gray, going in pursuit, was killed. As usual, at that early day, when we desired spirit messages, we gathered around a table, and the spirit of Mr. Gray, through me, spoke words of comfort to the widow. He said he had impressed her to come there that he might have the

pleasure of talking to her and assure her that he would always care for her and help to make her happy, as he had done while they lived together on earth. After conversing with the spirit regarding his condition and the circumstances connected with his departure from this life, she requested that he would give her a sign by which she would be sure that the message was from him. The spirit then wrote, through my hand, a few words on a piece of paper, but none of us could understand its meaning, and being urged further, he told her that one of the persons then in the room would soon be taken sick; that all medical aid that could be had would be of no avail; the sick one would go down, down, and on the next Sunday the body would be laid in the grave, and that should be a token to her that the one speaking to her was really her husband.

This closed the seance, and Mrs. Gray went home; her little son was taken sick, medical aid was called, and all that mortal could do was done to restore the little fellow, but his spirit was taken to live with his father in the home of the blessed. After the earthly clay had been tenderly placed in the grave, the good mother had occasion to refer to the writing which had been given to her, and, on examining it, she found that it explained all, and she came back to my house and stated to me how easy it would have been to know which one was to die, had we been wise enough to comprehend the writing on the paper, which, after all had transpired, was made plain.

I became somewhat acquainted with Mrs. Rowland, after her second marriage, and found her to be a very intelligent lady. I have not seen her for several years, but she is still living in her beautiful mansion in Los Angeles County.

CHAPTER V.

SECTION I.—HIS WORK AS A HEALER.

My labors as a healing medium were mainly confined to the years extending from 1849 to 1856. I seldom went voluntarily to treat the sick, but was usually taken by my guide, without knowing where I was going, thus proving that it was the spirit and not myself that performed the cure. I could always tell when there was work, my control desired me to do. The first symptom was a prickling sensation commencing at my feet, which worked gradually upward until it penetrated my whole system, and I became subject to and obeyed the mandates of the controlling spirit. In this condition, at one time, I was moved by spirit agency to go to the house of Amasa Lyman, whose son, then about twelve years of age, was lying ill, and had been given up by his friends, for the messenger of death to release him from his misery. I had often been to the office of Mr. Lyman to write for him and use my clairvoyant power to enable him to communicate with his spirit friends, but I had

never been to his house, and felt a delicacy in so doing, and resisted the influence, but without avail. Spirit hands pushed me along as I walked. I can never forget the feeling that came over me as I entered the sick room. My flesh lay in wrinkles and my clothing was wet with perspiration. Most of the young man's friends, believing that his time had come to die, had left him to pass in quiet to his spirit home, only his father and mother remaining to close his eyes. As I approached the bedside, my right hand, moved by spirit agency, was laid upon his head, where it remained a short time, when it was taken away, and in a moment was again placed upon his head being gradually moved over and around the head. The young man, when I entered, was motionless and apparently dying, but he soon turned his head and his dry and wrinkled eye stared me in the face. I was then impressed to say to the father, "Kill a chicken and make some soup for your son." The idea seemed so absurd that I resisted uttering the words, but was compelled to do so. The reply was, "He is past eating; he has not eaten for five days, and we are only waiting for the end of his suffering." I told him his son would ask for it in five minutes, and that in two days he would be in good health, and in three days would be able to ride his wild horses as he had formerly done. The influence was then taken from me, and I was left to use my own judgment again. I knew the recovery would take place as I had stated, and that so sudden a cure, without the use of other remedy than the touch of my hand would cause talk and excitement, and not wishing to be known in the matter, I went to a store close by and procured a bottle of lime juice, and put a little in the boy's mouth, saying to his father, "*that* will restore

your son to health." I then left the house, but had not gone far when Mr. Lyman called out to me, "John, he has asked for the soup, and I have come out for the chicken, as you directed." All I stated to the father and mother proved true, and many years afterwards I received the following letter from the one so saved:

TOOLEY CITY, UTAH, February 4th, 1883.

"JOHN BROWN, SR., ESQ.

My Dear Friend and my Father's Old Friend: I remember you distinctly, and very well do I remember the sickness I had in San Bernardino, Cal., in 1852, when I was twelve years of age. Mother is living with me, and she remembers the circumstance when I was given up to die by all. She credits you with restoring me to life. She says you brought me a bottle of lime juice, and in a few minutes after tasting it I called for something to eat. She talks it over with tears in her eyes.

F. M. LYMAN."

SECTION II.—A REMARKABLE CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—RAISING THE DEAD.

If I can say a few words through our good *Offering*, to better the conditions of men, and make the world better for my having lived in it, I shall feel that I am more than paid for my trouble. I am no writer, no scholar, yet I feel that I am in school, and am learning of a teacher. The earth on which I live is my school-house, my teachers are those from whom I can learn. My words on things of the past will be comparatively few, as they only relate to such events as are daily transpiring around us.

With reluctance my spirit friends permit me to go back for things I have passed. A new seal has been broken, a new leaf has been turned, new rounds have been placed in the ladder, and I have been asked to come up higher.

But I will stop right here, lest I make this article too long, and speak of James W. Waters. The subject of this sketch, is a prominent, good citizen; and is well known in this state as one whose word can be relied upon. He emigrated with me to the Rocky Mountains in an early day, and was one of the school of Kit Carson, Fitzpatrick, Bents, Subletts, Gody and others.

Some years after he arrived in California, he was bitten by a mad cow; she grasped his arm when he was off his guard, tearing the flesh therefrom, thus inoculating him with the frothy saliva of the rabid animal, the effects of which soon caused symptoms of canine madness. Mr. W. sought relief from many sources, but none came. He became so affected that he employed two strong men to watch him, lest in an unguarded moment he might be taken with some uncontrollable spasmodical affection and injure some of his family.

One evening while in this condition he sent for me, and long shall I remember how my good old friend looked at me when I entered the room where he was. I requested him to go across the street to a friend's house who was a Spiritualist; we were accompanied by F. G. J. Margeston, Mrs. Waters and a man employed to take care of him. On entering the room I requested all to be seated, and keep quiet for a few moments. I mentally asked my spirit guide to procure some medical aid that would cure Mr. W. of his malady, stating at the same time, that he could use me for one of his instruments. After a few mo-

ments my hand and arm were moved by spirit agency, and the first finger on my right hand was placed on the center of his forehead, and I was compelled to say; "Mr. Waters, from this moment you are healed, you will never again feel any effects of hydrophobia. That is all. We are done."

Mr. Waters exclaimed, "My God! what in the world are you about? I never felt better in my life. I feel perfectly well in body and in mind."

He has never felt the least effect of canine madness from that day till this.

It was not many years after the above occurrence, when one day, as I was standing on the corner of the street in our little town, a curious sensation came over me, and I was compelled to travel. My legs carried me along without exertion on my part till I got half a mile out of town. I had no idea where I was going, or what I was going for, till I got in front of Mr. Waters' house, I did not think of stopping there, but my legs made a right angle to the left, I went through the gate, rang the bell, and Mr. Waters met me at the door. As he opened the door he was weeping, and said to me, "John, you have come too late, our little girl has just died. She is dead."

I made no reply. Before I reached the door, I felt as though some one had laid over me a cloak or mantle that gave me great power. Up to that time I had no knowledge of any one being sick at this place, but as I had often been affected in this way, I knew just what was to be done. I walked in, laid off my hat, and attempted to lay off my cloak; it felt and seemed so natural for me to do so, but I could not see it, neither could any one else, yet I thought I had it on. The little dead child was in the

arms of old lady Parrish, who lives here now. Her mother, Mrs. Waters, was in an adjoining room, preparing its burial clothes. As I approached the little girl, Mrs. P. spoke in a low tone, saying, "Isn't it a pity?" My hand went, without my help, to the head of (I might say) the deceased, and there for a moment became fixed; directly it was loosened. I cautioned Mrs. P. to keep quiet, to say not a word but watch the movements. I then looked up into Mr. W's face, his eyes seemed to impart to me a knowledge that he had faith. I said to him: "Sit down with me, all will be well soon." I could see doubt, fear and hope sparkling in his eyes.

I told him to rest easy, that in fifteen minutes his little girl would be nursing her mother's breast in perfectly good health. It seemed to cheer, yet it was astonishing to him. By this time I was moved to go again and touch the dead child with my hand. I could see by the color in the face that life was returning. I took hold of its little hands, shook them, and talked to it as though it had been living; I took hold of its feet, moved them, and told it to wake up and see grandpa. Shortly it began to move its hands and arms; it gasped and stretched, and looked up at me and was in perfect health.

Good old Mrs. Parrish could hold in no longer. She called Mrs. Waters and said her child was not dead, it was alive. Mrs. W. called upon her husband to send for the Dr. who, after the child died, had gone away. I told them not to send for any one, for the child was well. Mr. W. said he would only send to please his wife, and I told him to send for Dr. Dickey, that he would come, and after careful examination, would say that he could do nothing for the child, as it was in perfectly good health, and

showed no signs of having been sick. Dickey came, found the dead, living all right, and spake the words I said he would. Mrs. W., that angel mother, claimed and took her again as her darling child. Mrs. Waters was an angel here, and a few years ago she went to be an angel "over there," where she met her father, her little son, and all her relatives and friends. Reader, who did this? Was it I? No; I was only an instrument in the hands of those who stood right behind; for there ne'er was a painter that drew a design, but a greater than he stood behind him. The cloak or mantle I wore into that room I did not bring away, it gradually went from me till it was gone. I wonder if I will ever see it again? Perhaps some good angel has it to bestow on some one more worthy of it.

My little, dead friend has grown up and now fills the place of her angel mother, to make glad the hearts of those around her, to make sunshine, especially for her father, now that he, like myself, is getting old, and to beautify and make cheerful the beautiful palace in which she lives, not many miles from where I sit writing these lines on my knee.

Section III.—A wonderful cure.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to hear from me regarding healing the sick and wounded. One evening, some years since, as the stage arrived from Los Angeles, I received a letter from Matteo Keller, whose fame is known all over the country as a great wine manufacturer, to take the stage next day and come to Los Angeles, and he would meet me at the Bella Union Hotel; and then make known to me the business

to be done. I cheerfully complied, and on my arrival I found Mateo Keller, Dr. Halsey, Charles Chapman and A. W. Wallace, (then editor of the *Los Angelese Star*), in waiting for me.

They at once informed me that a man by the name of Williamson had been accidentally shot through the hips, some two years previous, and had not been off his bed since, only as he was lifted. The lower part of his body was paralyzed, and his physicians had long since abandoned his case as incurable, but knowing me they had sent for me to come and relieve Mr. W. from his long suffering. In the evening I went with them to Mr. Williamson's and made known to him the object of our coming. I then requested all to be seated and keep quiet; I took a seat near the center of the room. In less than one minute I stood upon my feet, and my guide materialized by my side, and by a few gestures with his hands, I saw a table, and all that part of Williamson's body that was affected was lying upon it, so close to us that it nearly touched us. My guide then said, "John, I could make the body of this man look to you as transparent as the light, so you could see and tell all; but I prefer a different course, in order that I may teach you more."

He then held up a stick resembling the ramrod of a gun, and on the end placed a piece of cotton cloth, all of which he seemed to materialize, or gather from the air around him. He then said to me, "John, you see this stick and this rag; you must watch this rag closely and see what becomes of it; you must use some philosophy of your own, in order to learn something in all we do; your part of the work will be easy. He then said, "watch closely," as he put the rag on the stick into the hole made by the bullet; he pushed the stick slowly, and requested me to

look over and see if the rag came out on the other side. I saw the end of the stick but no rag was there. He then reached over with his right hand and pulled the stick through. Holding the rod in front of me, in a seemingly surprised manner, he remarked: "Why, here is no rag! you saw it go in, it did not come out, now will you tell me where it is?" I told him it was in the man, and that was all I could say. He answered, "yes, and that is why the wound does not heal; the rag was carried by the ball, the ball struck the bone, shattering it, it then glanced off and passed out, cutting the urethra in part leaving two pieces of bone in the folds of the cloth.

He then came close beside me and put his hand in my hand, or rather his arm in my arm, and made signs of writing. Mr. Keller then placed a piece of paper and pencil in his hand, or rather my hand, as you, reader, may choose to call it, for I thought it belonged to both of us. He then drew a diagram of the two pieces of bone, folded in the rag, and told me to give it to the wounded man. He then said he could take a sharp instrument, and by making one incision, could extract the rag with a pair of nippers, then sponge or wash the wound, take two or three stitches, and in a few days the man would be able to go home to Texas, meet his family, whose house had recently been burned, and with them return to California, where he would enjoy many years of good health. My guide then said, "John, that is all," and he went from my sight. I gave Mr. W. the paper containing the diagram of the two pieces of bone, which he placed in his pocket. He had exhausted nearly all his means in his long suffering, and stated that Dr. White, and all the physicians of Los Angelese had told him that his case was hopeless,

and that he would never more get off his bed. He immediately appealed to his friends for aid to take him to San Francisco, which they gave him. He was there taken to Stockton Street Hospital, where Dr. Stout, with others, performed the necessary operation, and in about ten minutes took from the wound a piece of cotton cloth nine inches in length and two inches wide. They found the wound precisely as my guide had represented.

The two pieces of bone were folded in the cloth. On taking them out, Mr. W. thought of the paper and took it out of his pocket himself, and the doctors placed the pieces of bone on the diagram and all declared that no one could take the bones and place them on paper and make a more accurate diagram than the one made by my spirit guide. One of the bones was most peculiarly shaped, and yet every part was exactly drawn on the paper. Mr. W. claimed the bones, but the answer was, "these are my trophies;" and the doctor kept them. In a few days he returned to Los Angelese, transacted some business, then went home to Texas and found that his wife and children had been burned out as the spirit guide had said. He soon returned to California with his family. He was born in Kentucky in 1802, and is to-day, at over eighty years of age, an honorable and good citizen of Los Angelese county, in the enjoyment of good health, and ready to verify the above statement respecting his wonderful cure. His address is, N. Williamson, Azusa, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

In "The Reminiscenses of a Ranger," by Major Horace Bell, I find the following notice of Williamson's hurt and recovery; but the Major evidently did not know, or did not care to men

tion the connection of his recovery with Spiritualism. On pp. 259–260 is the account.

"One more bear story and the subject will be disposed of. In February 1853, a party, consisting of Aleck Bell, Jack Moore, W. T. Clark, Nelse Williamson, the author, and that famous ante-bellum pioneer and ex-officer of the Fremont Battalion, Bill Bradshaw, were prospecting for place gold on the head waters of Kern River. * * * * We were camped in a thicket and at about midnight were awakened by a shot and a cry of distress from the brush. Springing to our feet, to our horror we found that Bradshaw had shot Williamson, who had quietly arisen and had retired a few paces into the bushes, Bradshaw hearing him, sprang up, rifle in hand, and having nothing but grizzly on his mind, and imagining the noise in the bushes to proceed from a bear, fired, and shot poor Nelse through the body.

We then had to carry the wounded man on a mule litter, more than one hundred miles to Fort Tejon, where he received the first surgical assistance, and a few months thereafter was brought to Los Angeles, and lingered on the very doorsteps of eternity for two or three years and finally recovered, being now, in 1881, nearly eighty years of age, hale, hearty and happy, and except a difficult limp and painful recollection, has nothing to remind him of this my last bear story."

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN BROWN LEAVES THE BODY.

One bright Sunday morning a few years ago, I was not feeling very well, though not unusually ill. I took a bath and went up stairs to change my wearing apparel. I felt as if I was surrounded by a great many people who seemed to say: "John, wait a little while, lay down and take a rest." I did so; in a few moments Mrs. Brown entered with a comb and brush; as she entered the room there seemed to be two persons, Mrs. B. being one, the other resembling her in all respects; They moved side by side; as they approached the bed I drew the quilt over my head, feeling at the same time that I was in the hands of those not made of clay, in the hands of those I could not resist.

Mrs. Brown, seeing something strange in my appearance, asked me what was the matter; I made no reply, but tried to hide from her. She then went down stairs and requested my son-in-law, Mr. S. P. Waite, to "run up stairs and see what ailed Mr. Brown." Mr. Waite was at my door in a moment and

asked if I wanted a doctor? I could not speak, yet I knew all. It then became dark, my eyes could no longer see. In a few minutes my room was filled with friends, among them was W. A. Conn, J. W. Waters, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Hickey, Dr. Oliver, and Dr. Herrold. By this time my limbs were useless, I could not move them; my breath had almost stopped, but I heard and knew all that was said and done. Before my arms had lost their power I shook hands with all and tried to bid them good-bye—but all was darkness and I could not speak. I could inhale but little air, and that became less every moment, and I knew that I was dying, knew that in a few moments dissolution would take place, and I would no longer be an occupant of this, my earthly body.

Here, my reader, is where I lack the power—the gift to convey to you the correct idea of this wonderful change of being "born again." It seemed as though a demand was made to settle all that was earthly, and give up all of me that was not spirit. To separate from this house of mine, that I had lived in and carried with me so long, was a thought that impressed me with sorrow. Yet, in all that was transpiring around me, I had no will, no desire, no control; all was outside and beyond; and, I alone seemed to be the entire subject of its lawful working.

In a few moments, my head fell to one side, my heart having ceased to vibrate; then the whole involuntary machinery made one last effort for breath, but in vain. In a moment my entire nervous system gave one shake and all was still; all was quiet. I heard the doctors say, "that is the last; he will not move again; he is dead." Yes, I heard all, but I did not see with my eyes.

At this time it seemed to me, that I was moving slowly through a warm atmosphere; and in the distance I began to perceive a lighter or whiter spot in the darkness. As this light gradually increased in size, it came nearer to me, till finally it filled the room, and all outside. It was not like the light of our sun—it was more white, more still. It appeared to carry with it a life principle.

At this moment I found myself lying horizontally above my body and about two feet from it. With no effort on my part I moved off from over my body and stood upon my feet, about five feet from it. I knew that I had left my body. I could see it on the bed, and I saw Mr. Woodward, a near neighbor of mine to-day, let go my head that he had been holding, and straighten my body on the bed. I stood right there. I heard all that was said. I heard Dr. Dickey say to one he met on the stairs : "You are too late; he is dead." "Is that so?" replied the man. I could see and hear everything as well as I ever did in my life. I stood near the center of the room and did not move when others would pass where I stood. They seemed to go right through me and still not interfere with me in the least. They, to me, were like men and women of wood.

Oh, how I wished to take hold of them and give them a shake and make them know that I was not dead, but I could not. I viewed with care, the dress I had on. I was dressed, not naked. During the time I had stood on the floor, my guide stood with me a little to my right. He was constantly writing in a small book or diary, and while I was examining the clothes I had on, he pointed to the corner of the room, saying: "That is the dress, John, you will put on, but not yet; you shall not die yet!" I

looked in the corner of the room and there stood a well formed body of a man. It did not resemble me; it was not so tall and a little darker than myself. I examined it minutely. It was well formed—new, and still it might have been as old as time; but it had no marks of having been used. Its dress was rather after the Quaker style, with a star on each hip, with stripes of different width and color. It did not appear to me that this body was like the one I had just left; It was lighter and more spiritual, yet it was not condensed enough to admit of being seen by earthly eyes.

While standing there, I thought of all my business affairs, and was glad that two days before, I had arranged all matters and owed no man a cent. I thought of what I was told when a boy, that at death we went and kept going—that we did not stop within the bounds of time and space. But, I saw no *place* to go to, and had made up my mind to stay with my family till something occurred to call me away; when all at once I was raised by a power, unseen by me, and moved directly over my body. The neighbors and friends had all left except two of the doctors, who were consulting in an adjoining room, as to what they should name the disease of which I had died. Up to this time, I had been conscious of all that had been said and done. I then lowered down and seemed to soak back into the body which all had pronounced dead.

Then, for the first time, I went into a sleep, which was of short duration, for, in a minute or two, something caused a rush of air and froth to emanate from my breast. My eyes could see, and I was alive in the same body I now inhabit. As soon as life was visible the doctors were recalled, but said they could do nothing

for me, as they knew not the cause of my illness and had never seen or heard of a case of the kind before. They instructed my family to let me remain just as I lay until next day, and let nature have its own way, which they did. Doctors Peacock and Dickey are my neighbors, both eminent physicians, and loved by all.

CHAPTER VII.

VISION.—VISIT TO THE SPIRIT LAND.

Yesterday was Sunday, and the Spiritualists of San Bernardino met, as usual, at their hall, to commune with spirit friends as best we could. After all had assembled it was proposed by Brother Boyd, that instead of a lecture, all join in one grand circle and invite our spirit friends to come and join with us, which was agreed to; and I assure you our meeting was not a failure. Our spirit friends manifested their willingness to accept our invitation, in a manner which brought tears from the eyes of nearly all present, and all felt that it was good to be there. And, as Sister Seal, through whom the angels speak, whose pure soul goes out to bless humanity, had closed a few remarks, made by her spirit guides and as Brother Potter began to speak, as the spirits designed he should, I was taken up by the spirits and shown things which the late hour of the day would not permit my telling, so I promised the meeting I would write it and send

it to the *Offering* for publication, that all might read it. And, in doing so, I implore the same good angels, who took me to their home in the heavens, to stand by me and help to write what they wished to communicate.

I moved out and stood in what my guide said was the lower plane, where spirits first enter after leaving the body, and where they put on the spiritual body. Here it was somewhat cold and appeared darker than I had been used to seeing. This, my guide told me was owing to the great atmospheric pressure in which the earth is enveloped, which but few people understand. Here I could see many people nearly the same as those I associated with in earth-life, but they could not see, they did not know that I was there. My guide would often ask them who was with him, if any one. They would look round and say they could see no one there. I asked my guide what this meant. He said these souls were on the lowest plane, adjoining the earth, and were not altogether disconnected with earth-life. They had on their atmospheric or spirit body, and were not sufficiently developed or clairvoyant to see me, as I had on no spiritual body. These souls, he said, were the lowest and poorest of all the children. The great mass of souls, he said, moved on up into higher planes, some beyond where I am going to take you.

While standing there I was reminded of the story of purgatory, and preaching to spirits in prison. I felt sorry for them, and may it everlastingly be my good fortune to feel sorry for them and all of earth's children, who are so unfortunate as to place themselves in the condition in which I saw them. I saw neither women or children—they were all men, murderers, thieves, suicides and all sorts of criminals. But the

drunkard was the most loathsome of all, he seemed to be disqualified for retaining the name, or ability of a human being; but I must omit my own thoughts, though prompted by angels to give them, and only exclaim: Oh, human depravity! where men of brutal instincts dwell. I asked my guide to fully explain why these souls could see him and not me? He told me he had on a spirit body; I had on none. I was in the same condition to them that they were to the children of earth, and to see each other, both must become blended to some extent. This is done by the spirit materializing and those in the form dematerializing, thus a clairvoyant or peculiar state is induced. Those persons constituted of fine attributes are more susceptible of seeing spirits, being impressed and having a better knowledge of their external surroundings than those of a more uncultivated nature. Thus the spirits look for those most adapted to their wants—those with whom they can come *en rapport.*

I was then instructed, by my guide, to follow him into the next plane or department. There I found conditions for the wants of men more conducive to their well-being, it having been made so by their own industry. The atmosphere lighter, the people more wise, more refined, hence more cheerful and their labor less embarrassing than those I had just passed. Then I obeyed my guide and moved with him into the next plane, where I felt I had entered a new creation; I thought I was approaching a new world and could see and hear something beyond, more attractive than I had yet seen. I began to feel my relationship to all things more sensibly. I desired to turn back and inform those I had left on earth what I had found and rouse them from their sleeping lethargy to action

Oh, how I did wish I could grasp them in my arms and bring them up with me, and do for them as I would have them do for me under like circumstances. But my guide smilingly said: "No, John,

> Let each child choose the road it may,
> It is not lost, but on the way;
> Our Mother Nature ever kind
> Will never force the human mind;
> Remove the cause, and then you'll see
> How short the road to heaven may be.
> The hidden rock, that false decree,
> No longer forges chains for me.
> I journeyed on, I reached my home,
> Not like the one I left before
> Besmeared by priests with human gore.

But we must move on, as I have much to show you."

It seemed only a step till we were in a new department where all things seemed to be of a higher order than what I had met with before. The people were more hopeful, and worked for each other's well-being, and for the mutual advancement of all. Here I found many with whom I could converse. They had become sufficiently developed to become clairvoyant enough to see me. I saw many of my old friends whom I knew in earth-life, and would like to give you their statements to me, but time and space will not permit at this time. All send words of happy greeting, with grateful memory of their friends on earth. My guide then turned to me with a wistful look. I could see, from his lighted countenance, that something more grand awaited us in the near future. And, as he beckoned me with his hand, we moved on.

Here let me diverge for a moment to confess my weakness—to confess my timidity; yes, to confess my inability to write what I saw; even my noble guide, who has been my preserver from my youth, wept tears of joy, as we moved on into a new department, where shone the pure light of heaven's eternal sun, whose light penetrated to the center of all things. Right here in this department I saw for the first time, our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, as brilliant as the light they lived in. And children, sparkling with the sun-light in which they basked. Here was unity of action; fraternity, friendship, rejoicing in well-doing. All seemed to possess a fatherly, motherly, brotherly and sisterly love and affection for all the children below them, especially those who dwelt upon the earth. I thought this was all, this was heaven, that there was no more beyond, that I had got to my journey's end. Still I felt my relationship to all. I felt as though I was in school, and my teacher had sent me for a message, and I must be quick, get it and return.

I said to my guide, "come, let us return to the earth from whence we came." I confess I began to feel timorous to advance farther, should there be any farther. My guide came close to me and took me in his arms and said; "John, fear not, we have a message for you." He then passed out with me in his arms into the next department and stood me beside him, and said: "John, you are now passing out of your atmospheric world into the world of the angels, above the atmosphere which surrounds your earth, where flesh and blood cannot enter, or moths corrupt or thieves break through and steal."

I shall not attempt to describe what I saw here; I would fail were I to do so. I felt like a nursing babe, like a little child,

surrounded as I was, by high, seraphic angel bands, who welcomed me to their heavenly home. They told me they were journeying on to a brighter and happier home; that good Mother Nature carried them in her arms, nursed them on her bosom, cradled them in her lap and provided for all their wants. I felt to exclaim: Oh, eternity, eternity! where, oh, where, are thy bounds and where is thy stopping place for man? I thought I had got home; and heaven for me, was the condition I had made. But still I had a desire to return to earth. I felt I was earthly; I said to my guide: "Let us go back." He drew near to me and said: "No, John, not yet; we will soon reach home, from there you will return."

He then took me in his arms as before, and passed out into a new world, or state, where I was a new being; for the old had left me. The first thing that drew my attention was a new sun. It was moving in the direction of the earth; it was not large; I should judge its diameter to be three-fourths of a mile. It passed near me and came to a standstill on reaching the line of atmosphere surrounding our earth. I could see its rays pass down through the dark circles I had passed. I could see men on the earth clearing away all obstacles which prevented its rays from reaching and penetrating the center of our earth. After a little time this sun moved off in another direction to visit other worlds. I thought it was on a mission, and visited different worlds at different times, thus causing revivals, as we call them.

Here I met many of my old acquaintances, whom I might name, and with whom I had so often met at spiritual meetings. They reminded me of many pleasant meetings we had held, while in earth-life, which I had long since forgotten. They told

me I only had to take a common sense view of all things, to understand the simplicity of all. I was told that all mystery vanished when things were viewed in their natural condition. I was then shown a number of planets adjacent to our earth. They seemed to be close; I should judge some were not more than six miles distant. Those having an atmosphere contained animal and vegetable life similar to this earth. Those having no atmosphere once had, but had become spiritualized, and were now homes for angels. Here, in this new department, I could see disembodied spirits from other worlds. In fact, all here seemed to be disembodied; all seemed like myself. I had no earthly, spirit body. It struck me very forcibly that we left our spirit body on emerging from our atmosphere, though I made no inquiry, and am not positive.

I saw the ladder on which were spirits going up and down, at whose base I had worked so long, helping poor mortals to ascend the first round. It consisted of one round for each department I passed through on my way up; I think there were seven or eight, I did not count them. Then my guide, who seemed to have been absent a short time, came to me with many others. He said he wished to introduce me to his brother, who, he said, was once an inhabitant of earth—long before the Christian God was thought of, when the earth and all thereon lived in perfect harmony. My new friend then took me by the hand, and said: "I am Mopholquist, a brother of him who has been your guide for many years. You, my brother, have only reached the first step in the new beginning, and are now in the spirit land; before and around you is one vast eternity of continued labor." "Those in advance of us," he said, "returned laden with

rich trophies from the beyond, while those of this department returned to earth, laden also with knowledge which in no other way could earth's children receive." My feelings were then changed, I thought I had reached my home, I thought my journey of earthly life was ended and I had no more work to do. My new guide then said to me: "John, you have only reached the beginning, comparatively, for there is no hiding or stopping place for man. You see before you men coming and going to and from other planets—other worlds."

Here, my good reader, let me drop the pen, let me fall down upon the earth and acknowledge my weakness, my littleness; for, as I beheld those beings, it made me feel as though I was in a crucible. The looks they gave me seemed to weigh me in their balance and I would that the cup should pass from me. That was a judgment day for me I assure you. My guide realized my condition; asked me if I did not know that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the truth should be made known, and invited me to go with him. We went a short distance and entered a large hall, filled with books, I took one in my hand; it was sealed. He said it was not time to open it. Here is one whose seal has been broken; the entire bulk was red, the letters (printed) were black. I did not learn of what material it was made. I asked if all were red, if so, why? He said: "Yes, all in this library are red. We have many more libraries, all differing in color, to mark the subject upon which they treat. The one you see contains a history of blood, hence the red. Before the date of this history all was spiritual love, the great mother power prevailed. The people of those days kept a record of their people and works, which was taken from them by aspiring

men, who sought to be and did become their rulers. Their history was so changed as to contain the present Christian God, armed and equiped for the work these rulers, priests, or holy men had for him to do. This was the beginning of the present Christian God, and the Dark Ages followed Him. His history is too well known for comment now. The Bible, as it is, when viewed by honest seekers, reveals the pure gold beneath the rubbish it contains. It has made a wreck of the pure celestial light it once contained. But enough is left to mark its spirit history by honest, well-meaning men. Take the spirit painting from it, and it would flicker for a moment in its departing life and be no more; and the pure, the good, the spirit that never dies would shine the brighter. As interpreted by sectarian creeds, the Bible, like American slavery, is a black spot upon the earth. It was, and would be to-day, a frying pan for human flesh. All the volumes of philosophy, with all their comments, never could invent a fouler instrument. We, therefore, the inhabitants of this celestial sphere, knowing the conditions surrounding the children of earth, and seeing the malignant feeling toward them, do most urgently advise and request our beloved brethren of earth, especially those resident in the United States of America, to take that inspirational document, the Constitution and Declaration of their Independence, and renew their fidelity to them by declaring to all the people of the world, that, under them, they claim the right to life, liberty and especially to all, the right to the pursuit of happiness, which, in their very nature, they have a right to claim.

"And to better secure these rights, we, the spirits of men, residents of the celestial sphere, do pledge ourselves to aid and

assist our brothers, residents of earth, by all honorable means to prevent farther encroachments upon their rights, and to remove those already made by legislative enactments; and to further help in this good work, by assisting all good souls, at the ballot to rebuke, with their votes, all further efforts to infringe upon the rights guaranteed to men. And, in furtherance of these rights, we join hands with our brethren on earth to place woman where she justly belongs, in that position which makes her equal with man in all political and religious rights, that she may no longer be the property of man."

I have written the above, seemingly, under an irresistable force. I shall stand by it, I shall work for it, I shall live for it; and, if necessary, die for it. And, I invite all who love good government to do likewise. Once before, I was called to receive this message. I resisted, I suppressed it, for which my chastisement was great, I called upon friends for help. Their petition for me was granted. A new life was given me, I renewed my fidelity with heaven. Again I have met her ambassadors, I shall resist no more, I am now made to know my duty and the love I owe humanity.

I have omitted much in this communication, yet I feel that I have partially discharged the responsibility I am under, and still remain in the good work I have to do.

CHAPTER VIII.

HINTS UPON THE METHODS USED BY SPIRITS TO COMMUNICATE. —HOW TO FORM AND CONDUCT CIRCLES.

I am aware that our relatives and friends, who reside in the spirit, are in some respects like ourselves. For instance, we learn that friends are about to arrive; we gather to meet them. it may be the first, and perhaps the last time we meet; and thus all feel anxious to greet them first; and, if possible, to have the last word. So with the spirits, they gather around the circle, anxious to send back words of kind greeting to their friends in earth-life. I have often stood with them at a circle of investigation, and seen the great anxiety manifested by all, to let their friends know that they were not dead; and because they could not, there being so many of them, I have seen them throw stones and other things into the room, and thus prevent an intelligent communication from being had. Then, I have heard those forming the circle say, "there is something wrong, there

must be bad spirits here," etc. We must not consider that spirits are bad, because we do not always get the communication desired. It is for lack of a better organization—a correct theory or basis from which to work.

The spirits are something as they were before they passed the change, only more charitable. more kind, more good to each other; while we, who live in bodies are combative, tyrannical, overbearing and sometimes would have things our own way, even by compulsion. Let us remember that in union there is strength, therefore let us strengthen that union by a thorough organization with the spirits; for, it is a well-known fact, that, conditions *must* be right, to develop anything; and the *better* we make the conditions the better the outgrowth. Spirits are not always present at a circle when communicating. I have know them to be thousands of miles distant, but they always have an agent, ar representative.

I will relate one instance that came under my special observation. A man by the name of Hunt, a close neighbor of mine at the time, slipped and fell into a threshing machine and one of his legs was torn off nearly up to the knee. The physician dressed the wound; the weather was warm and after a few days it was feared that the leg would have to be amputated above the knee. A council of physicians was called; one was from a small garrison, about ten miles distant. Mr. Hunt, the father of the sick man, Q. S. Sparks and myself accompanied the doctors to the room of the patient, stood and saw the examination. The doctors then retired about three hundred yards, for consultation. At the same time, the father, Sparks and myself went outside and sat down. I saw the doctors enter their

office and close the door; then some one in that office telegraphed to me every word that was spoken, and I repeated it to Hunt and Sparks. Who it was I never knew. It was some spirit, I suppose, who wished to convey the good news that the patient was in no danger. One of the items telegraphed me was that the doctor from the garrison said: "I have seen hundreds of cases worse than this and none were dangerous." It had the effect to draw me close to the office or battery from whence this information came, so that I could see the doctors take their hats and step towards the door, and I said to Sparks and Hunt, "look, look, there they come," and in an instant the door opened and the doctors came out and on their way to the store Sparks went to them and asked them if they had used the words I had repeated. They said they had, and that their decision was that there was no danger. Hunt got well. Mr. Sparks is a near neighbor of mine—a man of truth—respected by all, to whom I can refer.

At another time I was seated by my parlor stove, the room was filled with visitors; about 8 o'clock, p. m., when all at once I was touched by an electric shock that caused me to speak out and say that Mr. Davis' little boy was then dying, and if any one would run, and be quick they would get there in time to see him breathe his last. Dr. D. N. Smith, present proprietor of the Arrow Head Hot Springs Infirmary, of this place, called on Dr. Ainsworth, who at once accompanied him to the house of Davis just in time to see the boy breathe his last, as indicated. They soon returned and confirmed what I had told them.

It may be well to say a few words on the subject of spirits

communing with each other at a distance. This they do nearly as we do, only they have no wires and are a battery of themselves. One day as I stood by the bedside of a grandchild of mine, that was ill, there came three spirits, they examined closely the condition of little Nellie and saw that she would soon pass from earth-life. They formed a circle by laying hands on each other's shoulders, and one pointed with his right hand, and from the end of his finger I saw a leaden streak—a message sent that soon brought two of her near relatives to receive her. The moment they arrived, they rang a small bell, notifying all that they had come for her, and in a few minutes little Nellie went to be an angel, and live with uncle Theodore and aunt Helen, who had come to receive her. Mothers, how many of you have heard the ringing of this little bell? And who would have you ignorant concerning spiritual gifts? Oh, deny it, you who may, you cannot stop the surging of the ocean's wave, or hush the sound thereof.

Now, I wish to say a few words regarding organizing ourselves into a condition that will fit us to receive and retain that which may be given us by our spirit friends.

First, our motives should be pure, our conditions harmonious. We should set our houses in order by purifying our bodies from alcoholic beverages, tobacco and whatever evil there may be lurking about us.

Then let us choose a few friends, say six, most congenial; appoint one of their number as spokesman, who should do all the talking with the spirits; the balance of the circle may tell him to ask whatever they please. I have known a spokesman of this kind to soon become a medium; and I have seen spirits

shower magnetic influence on them till they would speak and say: "Oh! do you feel that wind?" And thus he works with the spirits and helps to develop others. Be punctual at your meetings; let no one into your circles unless by consent of the spirits; you should consult them as to numbers, let them add more, or arrange your circle to suit their wish, then have the business you wish to transact with them distinctly understood between yourselves, and tell the spirits what it is a day or two before your meeting; this will enable them to give you a more correct idea of things sought for. The spirits will organize on a plan with you, and thus discordant elements, to a great extent, will be cut off.

The first thing a pupil should do on entering this new school, is to bring the teacher within the reach of at least one of his five senses, so as to insure a confidence in the lessons taught him. I have often seen it the case with new beginners that they would meet around a table, box or other thing, and ask if any spirits were present. Receiving affirmative answers, they next ask: "Do you wish to communicate?" To this, the answer is invariably, "yes, *if conditions were such that we could.*" This they say by different raps, or moves, which the questioner does not understand; he then goes on to say: "Would you if you could? Does some one else want to talk? Will you at some other time? Are we not seated right? etc., etc."

The worst feature of all, is, when the spirit manifests a readiness to communicate, for some one of the circle to say: "Well, go on now, give us anything you please; just suit yourselves, etc." The spirits of all classes who are present accept this as a general invitation, and all make a rush, which ends in general

confusion by moving and throwing things around. It may not be thus in all cases, I am only telling what I have seen.

At other times I have seen the spirits under the same circumstances, retire without even manifesting their presence. They sometimes use bouquets of flowers, which is to manifest great love or affection for some one. They have no ill will; they wish to make known that there is a power outside of physical man, which should cause the investigator to work the harder to ascertain its wants. I have one suggestion now to make and I am done. The reader must be aware that I have been trying to answer questions which have been asked me. When we meet to commune with spirits let us not enter into political or other discussion. Attend strictly to spiritual matters, and may the everlasting truth be your guiding star, to lead you on through this probation, and clothe you with that purity which will shield you from all error, and give you a knowledge that will enable you to attract the good and pure, and make you a center around which may gather the pure in heart, who will have power to expel all clouds of adversity that may attempt to gather at the door, and thus be enabled to cultivate the kingdom of heaven that is within you.

CHAPTER IX.

SECTION I.—LETTER TO GEO. E. BLISS.—MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.—HOW THE STONES, WHICH MAKE THE PYRAMIDS WERE MOVED.

Your letter has just reached me; always submit your impressions to the law of reason, and if approved act upon them; for instance you say, "I felt impressed to write you," reason tells you it can do no harm and perhaps good may result; thus reason decides in favor of writing. I have no charge to make, I am only a poor agent in the hands of those who are striving to pay humanity a debt. You say, "your colony move, I think, will be a grand step for a higher spiritual unfoldment." Time will answer. I dare not broach this part of the colony move lest professors like Peter, James, and John, fall upon the ground and no one there to touch them. You tell me you feel there is a work for you to do, but you are not in a condition to accomplish it. I often have the same or similar feelings, I have them now. I

was recently taken away where I saw many of the ancient cities of the old world, and viewed their desolation. To me this is a great field for study and reflection, but to tell it to others I would fail. I will not say this is my misfortune, I will attribute it to my surroundings and pass on.

The principal object, my guide said, in taking me to view these ancient cities and pyramids, was to show me how those massive stones which I saw standing and scattered upon the ground, which had so long defied the skill of human thought to divine their mystery, and how placed in their present abode. Then, pointing with his finger, he said, "John, look and learn." I saw at a short distance from me, a stone of prodigious size, many feet in length and width; this stone, my guide said, marked the history of a race of people unknown to human thought of the present day. To one end of this monster was fastened a string, a mere thread, about five feet in length, close by it stood a little girl, apparently about eight years of age. I saw her stoop down and take the end of this thread in her hand, at the same time this immense rock seemed to assume the weight of a feather. As she moved forward, this huge mass would follow her, not leaving a trace of it on the ground. It rather seemed to float a little above the ground and followed this young lady as a faithful servant would follow its master. She was its master, but whence this power? In this I fail to answer. I know, and yet I cannot tell. I have seen its workings; I have felt its power, but in this, my good brother, I too, fail to "accomplish." It may be the very essence of the great chain that binds universes together and its power is past finding out. Let us attend school and learn more of these things.

I go back to the young lady and tell you I saw her stop, let go the string and this massive stone sank deep into the earth and seemed to bid defiance to all human inventions to move it. My guide was silent, yet his eyes seemed to penetrate the very soul of things. Then again, I saw this young lady take the string in her hand and in an easy manner this giant stone again obeyed its master. Thus I traced it to its present deposit.

Thus you see this massive stone was moved by a single thread in the hands of a little girl without physical force or machinery, from its long resting place in the mountains, to its present abode, and has since become a part of the ruins that mark the history of a race of people unknown at the present day, and I have failed to mold one thought or weave one thread into a garment that will convey a remote idea of the power by which these things were done.

No, brother, your physical health is not at fault, it is your surroundings, you must avoid evil doers, associate with the pure and the good if you can find them. Thus you will partake of the good and be able to make sunshine for others. I do not know what it will take to satisfy you, some persons cannot be satisfied, others are satisfied to come into the world and go out of it without knowing any more than they did when they came into it. For my part I am satisfied to know that I am not wise, we all differ; I hope my lengthy answer may be satisfactory to you and serve to answer many others who have written me upon the same subject.

Section II.—Return from Campmeeting.

Dear Offering: I have not been idle, neither is it forget-

fulness that has caused my long delay in writing to you; how could I forget the good campmeeting and the many friends I met there, when all are with me? How could I forget the grand ovation held on the camp ground on that memorable 21st of August, 1883, in honor of the good spirits for having planted their feet on the camp ground at Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa, never to be removed until the whole body becomes materialized and comes forth with a new declaration, which shall emancipate humanity, especially woman, from her bondage; thus I understood the object, others may have understood it otherwise, but for me, I claim no honor for anything I may have done, only to remain the least among the little ones.

Well do I remember when Brother Loveland and I stepped upon the car and left, standing upon the platform, those who accompanied us to the depot, and how we motioned each other good-bye. As the car moved round the curve we realized that we were on our way toward the setting sun, but we were not alone; the good spirits would come from the camp ground, making us know that all was well and they had been sent to accompany us on our journey and make us cheerful and happy, which they certainly did. Brother Loveland would often remark that he had just got a dispatch from the camp, in a moment after, I would feel spirit hands take hold of mine, and feel their impress upon my arms, head, neck and face and sometimes nearly lift me from my seat. They would tell me that our friends in the camp were holding little meetings and sending them to us, especially would this occur morning and evening. The power of the spirits was so great with us that it drew the attention of the passengers who came around and sat beside us and would ask

us to come and sit beside them and talk to them. Once I was solicited to go nearly the length of the car to sit with some gentlemen who stated to me they felt an attraction tending to draw them toward me. Thus you see our journey homeward was one of pleasure and profit. On one occasion, at a station, two little girls about six years old came into the car and sang several beautiful spiritual songs; one of them had occasion to remark that no one in that neighborhood belonged to a church, only those who knew not how to think for themselves.

On the night of our arrival here we found that a committee had been appointed by the passengers to recieve our last parting words as we stepped from the car at 10:30 P. M. at the place of our destination. Here our roads separated, and after visiting friends for a few days, I found the weather so extremely hot I retired to the Temescal warm springs about fifty miles distant, in the coast range. These valuable springs are for "the healing of the nations," and are owned by our good sister, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, with whose writings, many are acquainted; she is one of our best clairvoyants and inspirational mediums, one who makes all in her society cheerful. One evening a number of the neighbors came in; we formed in a circle and had a most wonderful meeting with the spirits who gave such remarkable demonstrations of life beyond the grave that no one present could dispute. I visited all the camps adjacent to these springs where many weary travelers in life's journey from nearly all the states had come for rest, I made known to them my mission; all said they were glad to see me, and wished my stay could have been longer, so you see I have not been idle. I will now relate what occurred to me on the fifth of September, the night previ-

ous to starting for the springs. I will copy from the memorandum I made then, as it is before me.

"On this fifth day of September, 1883, at ten o'clock, P. M., I felt the pressure of spirit hands upon me so forcibly that I got out of bed and wrote these lines: At my side stands an old man, I know not who, I never saw him before. He wishes me to say, he is done mailing papers and one of mine will not come unless I write for it. He tells me he has gone to rest from his long and tiresome journey of earth life, and wishes me to say good-bye to those he had not the privilege of seeing when he moved out of his old house into his new one, he says he remembers with gratitude, those who had befriended him along his journey of earth life; and the tears ran down the old man's cheeks, or rather mine, as he took hold of my hand and wrote M. K. Wilson."

Then I felt to exclaim, Oh, immortality, who would be without thee? I came near sending you this report at the time, but my surroundings prevented it. The paper alluded to as not reaching me, was the *Offering*, of Sept. 1, No. 1, 1883. I procured a copy from Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, to place on file, telling her mine had not reached me. I am now reminded of good Sister Wilson, whom I met on the camp ground, with her large heart full of kindness for the human race, and I remember all the good souls I took by the hand, and I am impressed to say to them that we are now in the midst of the greatest revolution the people of earth have ever witnessed, and it is necessary that harmony prevail; let us beware of an offending conscience; let us renew our fidelity to the good work, by having a strong desire to be good and to do good to others; let us remember that every

good act we do, goes to help build up the new temple of liberty. Though clouds and darkness may be round about us, yet in the flesh do we see God.

I often think of Brother Fox, and the great labor and responsibility resting upon him, while presiding over the deliberations of the multitude which gathered around him; not only presiding over the multitude, but the entire outfit that went to make up the Mississippi Valley Campmeeting, with all its indebtedness, at the same time conducting his paper at Ottumwa. No one can please all, however, but those who find fault should remember that under his supervision a new star has been added to the constellation of heaven's bright jewels, in which we can learn that we are the temples in which dwell the divine, and as love prevails, we become conscious of the divine presence within.

Love is the great key that opens nature's *arcana* to view, and introduces us to the All-Father; then His children become united; thus the oneness; thus do our souls commune; and thus you are with me here in California, as I said when at the camp you would be; thus the chain that Brother Hull spoke of, binds us together and is made stronger; so I feel that all souls, in one sense, are mine and in my keeping and I should care for them, not only with words, but kind acts, "for by their fruits ye shall know them."

In conclusion, let me say to you, my brothers and sisters, be not selfish; remember that the great secret about heaven here and hereafter is in doing good to others. Soon the cold blast of winter will spread her white mantle over the land and then it will be time to remember the poor. If we ever find a heaven it will be just such an one as we have made for ourselves! Oh,

that we could all have one perpetual day of thanksgiving for having made for ourselves a heaven and laid up our treasures there.

SECTION III.—VARIOUS EXPERIENCES.

I have enlisted for the war, and I feel an influence seemingly compelling me to comply with Brother Merrill's wish that I should say something regarding his communication in the *Offering* of the fifth inst. So far as my own feelings go, they prompt me to give his entire communication a rehearsal. It is certainly angelic and might well be placed beside the genius of which he speaks. I am glad, yes, more than glad to see in his hand a pen that is destined to prepare him for a higher spiritual state. His able pen has marked on paper the lines that I have often been requested by angel friends to mark. His entire communication was inspirationally given, to meet the wants and demands of the present crisis; and is intended to endow mankind with a knowledge of the higher life. I feel justified in saying that from the time I became initiated into the cause of human development, I have, at no time found such relief; I have many times been claimed by the death angel as his, yet I could hear some one say, "John, you shall not die yet; we are only preparing you for a higher work we wish you to do. This truth we could only make known by assisting you in seeking relief from those in earth life to help you pass the tidal wave of change to fit you for the higher class, or work chosen for you to do." Thus spirits have taught me; I have often been in the condition spoken of by our good brother, in a partially developed state, even con-

fined to my bed for more than one year. At one time, I was removed from my present home to the city of Los Angeles, where I found a man by the name of Roberts, whose congenial soul blended with mine, and thus I was relieved. In many ways have I been helped through the crisis, or tidal waves, as the spirits call them. At one time, the spirits called me canoe, and would keep close watch over me while crossing rivers and streams we met with in our travels. At the same time they would teach me that they were preparing me for a work out on the boundless ocean of eternity.

At another time they showed me their alphabet, each letter stamped on a small piece of paper by itself. These bits of paper they would place on a board twelve inches square, without regular order. This board was then set in a small frame on its edge, the papers remaining scattered over the surface, about three feet distant. In front stood a mirror, about two feet in length, by one and a half in width. A little to the right, and to one side was a roll of paper; and these letters were so connected with electric wires, that by turning a crank they would become illuminated, and the reflection from the glass would imprint itself on the roll of paper as it revolved. This, they told me, was one method of printing; and, the whole of this machinery, they would materialize and dematerialize in less than one minute, while the operators were thousands of miles distant.

I note these jottings by the wayside, hoping some light may be gained, and to show how much we need each others' help. The angel world has caused many persons, strangers, those I never saw, from all parts of our country, from far and near, to write me inspirational and impressive words. Many of the writ-

ers tell me they know not why they are influenced to write, but they cannot well resist.

They tell me they are impelled by unseen forces to write me, and many relate to me my present condition and surroundings, much better than I could do myself. These letters are not without their designed effect. They cause me to feel an extension of new life; the effect of which lifts me up, opens my understanding and helps me to see the great necessity of a harmonious organization, especially of mediums, to meet with organized bands of spirits, as our worthy brother suggests, "whose special duty, when occasion demands it, shall be to temporarily attend the sick and wounded ones, and to assist the various bands of spirits to tide their respective media over the critical points in their spiritual evolution, so they can more easily pass through them."

Spiritualism has made me a wiser and better man in every respect. The lessons taught me were intended, and did tide me over the critical points spoken of. I was once an inveterate user of tobacco, and partook to some extent, of other immoral practices; but Spiritualism has caused all to vanish. My greatest happiness now is in doing good to others. It would be a heaven upon earth for me if I had the wherewith to make all happy. Let us all do the best we can, angels can do no better.

My communication is now longer than I intended, and I would close if I could. I now feel that peculiar wind, accompanied by those tiny raps that seem to have unlocked the whole creation, and the hand that writes begins a deadening trembling, and I hear footsteps approaching, and all indicates a change that is to —"Well, John, I have been waiting on you to close your letter, and have now come to do some writing myself; and I assure you

my good brother, that I would gladly become incarnate for the time being, and do my own writing, and take you home to live with us, but cannot now do so. I can only reach earthly children through you and others like you; and I hope my friends will not think me embarrassing by continuing my brother's good letter, in a part of which he was instructed. What I wish to say now, is this: the greatest difficulty we have, is to induce our mediums to write and speak as we desire they should. What we want is to incline the children of earth to reason and natural sense; this, we find quite hard to do, they have so long been accustomed to wearing the cloak of human tradition; but I am glad to see the wise and thoughtful men, who think and act for themselves, beholding the grand truths, undressing in front of their altar, putting off the old and putting on the new.

"We welcome such men, and ask them to read the communication of our much esteemed Brother Merrill and ponder over it. We extend to Brother Merrill the right hand of fellowship, and pledge to him our best wishes and protection. We will call him out of his present school and give him a higher class among the children of men; for our work becomes more sublime as we enter new fields to battle for the rights of humanity. What we ask of this medium, through whom we write, is that he help to turn the crank, and avoid trying to parallel our work with the creeds of men; and give you his jottings by the wayside, and thus help us to publish to mankind a short history of the past and present, in a manner by which man can judge from cause and effect, the destiny of his race in the near future. It is well, in the beginning of this new year, to open new books in which to record the names of all faithful, working mediums; and care

and protection should be provided them, and all jealousy and self-aggrandizement should cease to be.

"A short time since, my brother commenced, with my good Brother John, to write a short history of his earth life; but when John became conscious of what had been written, he would destroy all that part, which in his normal state he did not understand, as in very many cases, he had formerly done. My brother is now here, and informs me that he will endeavor to make his letter the next communication given through our medium. I am the youngest of the two brothers, Mopoloquist, the guide of this medium for many years. Good-bye."

Were it not that I feel almost beyond self-control, I would not send this letter. It would go where many others have gone. As it is, I will send it, and you can do as you please with it. The hand that wrote it seems no longer mine. It has become an instrument for other hands to use.

It seems to me, right now, as though I have been living in a new house, and, at the same time, remaining at home in my old house. It seems strange to me, that I can live a double life at the self-same time; I also feel as though I would soon move into this new house that I have been building, there to remain; and that I will not go back into my old house to live any more, and I know I will remember all the acts of my earth life, which will reflect upon my soul; and will assign it to its proper place in the great school-house of human development, and, Oh! how careful should I be, while I still remain in the good work I have to do.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

The present chapter records one of the strangest experiences in the life of John Brown. He is not here the actor, but the subject. He is not acting as the prophet, the healer, or the revelator, but is standing helpless at the gates of death, till bands of spirits, sent by mediums, two thousand miles away, come, and lead him back to life. The facts, as set forth herein, are among the most marvelous recorded in the history of our movement. It borders upon the miraculous, and gives us a luminous glimpse of the great possibilities of spirit influence, in the cure of disease; and, also in influencing humanity for good in other respects. Such men as Drs. Campbell, Dobson and Thatcher, seem to be arsenals of spirit forces, which can be drawn upon, under suitable conditions, for human benefit. Why may not organized bands of mediums become centers of overwhelming force, for diffusing the light of truth, and the force of love, to elevate and

save mankind? If anything can, this teaches the necessity of organization in order to success. The individual efforts of those who visited John Brown were insufficient, as he states, "for lack of concentrated action, by way of organization." But as soon as the organized bands of the doctors, named above, arrived, he was helped at once.

The careful reader will see, in the communication of Mopoloquist, urging him to call for aid, many references to the occurrences, related in this volume; and, also to some, not detailed herein. Among the latter, is the prediction of the first break in the original Atlantic cable. Also, his description of the San Bernardino Valley, before he had ever been within *two thousand* miles of the place. If possible, I will get the account of the break in the cable into this edition. EDITOR.]

BROTHER AND SISTER FOX, *Dear Friends:* My nervous system is not yet restored to healthy action, but inasmuch as I have promised the friends that I would tell them why I appealed to them for help, I feel anxious to do so; and having permission from my control, I know of no better way, than to state the plain, simple facts as they occurred, for I have no dress for this truthful narrative I am about to relate.

I had but recently returned from the mining region, about forty miles distant, when, one evening after retiring for the night, I was taken suddenly and violently ill. My family physician was at once summoned, and every possible effort was made for my recovery, which, to a great extent, did relieve me of my extreme suffering. He remained with me several days and did all that mortal could do. But, in a few days I was reduced to a mere skeleton—a sight to behold. The slightest noise was, to

me, like a clap of thunder. No one was allowed to speak above a whisper. My physician, thinking he could do no more, left, and would only call occasionally to see if he could do anything for me.

In this condition I remained for several weeks, and while my body was being fed with a spoon, by my family, to keep life in it, I felt that other help was near, and I called Bro's. Loveland, Potter, Kenworthy, and also Bro. Boyd. They came, but for want of concentrated action, by way of organization, could only give momentary relief. One night, when all had retired, and I was alone in my room, I heard a voice, saying, "John, come here." I looked away in the distance and saw my body, and beside it stood my spirit guide, who has been my companion for many years. They (my body and guide) were in a tunnel like that of a railroad passing through a hill. I stood at the mouth or end; and, as I looked at them, I drew nearer till I stood close beside them. Reader, I was not asleep. I did see, standing beside this earthly tenement, which now writes these lines, that noble spirit—my guardian angel, keeping a vigilant watch over this, my earthly form. In his left hand, he held a ball of round substance, which shone like the sun, the light of which seemed to penetrate all things, making them transparent, like clear glass, so that I could see the inside of things as clearly as I could the outside. He was pointing with his right hand, at my body, his finger nearly touching it. His eye was fixed upon me, and, with a wishful look, he said, "John, you have a close call, and you are near passing over; and you have not finished the work we have for you to do. You are indebted to the spirits for the watchful care they have bestowed upon you; and now is the time to work.

Now is the time to plant good seed. John, come with me; I will show you our new temple of truth and liberty." In less than one minute, I stood, with my guide, beside the Iowa Spiritual Organization, which, to me, seemed to be a large circle of light, extending over many miles in circumference, and getting larger, in the center of which, I saw the foot and part of the leg of a man to above the knee, standing. The leg, above the knee, was bent, as though the body, if there, would be in a sitting posture.

Not a word was spoken; my guide had gone, and I was alone. In a moment I was in my own room, and there stood my guide beside the tenement that writes these lines, and, with a wistful look, said: "John, you are now near the spirit land. You must call for help. Write at once, to our *Offering;* it will send your petition to those who will restore you to health, and enable you to finish the work we have for you to do. We have commissions, or bands, organized for the purpose of visiting and healing the sick, as well as for other purposes, and you are now requested to call on them. We want you to help finish the highway already begun, and to help bridge over the dark valley and shadow, called death.

"My brother, you know me; you know that I have been with you nearly all the days of your life. Had I not, the dark waters of the Missouri, would have swallowed you up in your youthful days, and your young spirit would have come over here to live with its mother, who left it at an early day. You know that I have never told you an untruth; you know that during your mountain life, I was with you often; that for three years of that time, I was with you each night; not missing one. You remem-

ber that I would come to you and say: 'John, come with me, and I will show you how people live, after they are dead.'

"You remember, you felt no heat, no cold, no stomach craving for food, and how easy we would glide over the dark waters, and over the forest trees, the fields of grain, the desert waste; and once we settled down on top of a high mountain, and there mapped out the valleys, the hills, the streams, the groves, the plains and the wild cattle that roamed thereon, all of which, you related to Mr. J. Button, a near neighbor of yours, to-day, who lived there, and he declared that you had been there, or you could not have given the description you did, of a place which was nearly *two thousand* miles distant. You remember, I took you on to the dark, blue waters of the Atlantic, and showed you the cable just laid, and pointed to the crevice in the rock, in which it was chafing, and that it would soon be severed. I told you it made no matter, it was feasible, and the art of telegraphing across the ocean was a success. This you wrote to the Los Angeles *Star* newspaper, but, coming from a spiritual source, it found no place therein. I am now reminding you, from this little book, of the things I want you to write about as soon as you are restored to health, and new life given to you, which you will have if you make the application for it. This is the book you saw me writing in at the time you left your body, of which you have written the *Offering*.

"I would often take you and show you the game, you and the men in your camp, would kill, the next day; and I would show you where the ball would strike it, and I would tell you word for word what each man would say; and I would also show you the time of day, and would say to you, 'John, tell all I say, and

what I show you—take nothing from and add nothing to the things I show you, and I will stand responsible for all.' You know the great efforts made by all in your camp to prevent from coming true the things I told you. But you know they always came true. These are important facts, and should have a place in spiritual teachings. You remember I would take you with me, and we would move slow or fast, according to our will.

"The communications I had for you would sometimes be given in writing, but more often by showing and telling you. I showed you John Talbert, coming from New Mexico. I showed you James Beckworth and Chas. Kinney, coming to your camp with articles of trade. I took you over the high rocks and tall bushes, and showed you the tall pine, nearly burnt off at the bottom. I took you to the Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, and showed you that Jas. Waters had arrived at that place with goods from the states, and I called your special attention to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn and children, who came with him. You remember, I called your particular attention to the dresses the lady and children had on. I also showed you all the articles of trade that Mr. Waters had taken to that country, besides other things. I showed you the fatal stone you would throw, which broke your mule's leg, and I influenced the men in camp to stand guard over you, to prevent the prophetic words from being fulfilled, in order to convince them of its reality. I told you regarding the bear you would kill, and the conversation with Stone and Estes. I took you up through the dark foliage of the forest trees, and settled down with you, in what seemed to you, open space, beside the monument in front of our Spiritual Congress, where you registered your name, by consent of the sentinel stationed there for

that purpose. I raised the curtain, I led you down the aisle, where you saw the stern, gray haired statesmen devising plans for new republics, and watching the destiny of your own. In that Congress, your Declaration and Constitution were first written; and from that Congress, emanated the inspiration which led the American army to victory.

"My brother, knowing these things as you do, why hesitate to ask for help, and once more stand upon your feet, and be able to finish the work we ask you to do. When I say *we*, I mean the band you saw, mentioned in your first letter to the *Offering*. I am the one who approached and talked with you on that occasion. You know I would often take the tobacco from your hands and throw it into the fire; and would take you a long way from your home, and show you letters directed to you, as they moved along the road, in the mail bag. You would read them and tell all to those around you. It was me that placed the mantle on you, and assisted in bringing to life the little girl you wrote of. And in the case of Carter, Dickey, Williamson, yourself, and many others, I dictated all. I have taught you that there is no death, and no earth large enough to hold one soul, when once set free from its earthly tenement. I have also given you a knowledge of the resurrection of the body—that from the moment the spirit leaves the body, decomposition commences; bury it where you will, the resurrection law will bring it forth, and place it in the grass, the rose, the forest tree, the ocean's wave, the granite rock, and other bodies like that in which it dwelt. And thus, slow, but sure, it finds its equilibrium in all things which tend to make up matter, of which it is, and thus it lives —it is not dead, it only changes to other forms. With propri-

ety I can say, in the language of one of old, 'Man, know thyself.'

"My brother, we have traced the body from its first conception to the rose, the beautiful, the good, and now let us look for the spirit, the all-good, the all-wise, the all-powerful, the great motive power that wields the destiny of worlds. The first lesson we get teaches us that Spiritual, Spiritualism, or Spirits, the three in one, is as old as time. Trace it back, and we find it centered in divinity, and containing the true essence of the Deity, filling eternal space, and being the soul and life of all things. And we may say, that God fills immensity of space, for we find Him in all things.

I have taught you how *we* telegraph to *our* spirit friends, and that telegraphing is one of the high orders of spirit force, and by using this force by way of converse, you bring your friends nearer you, till they enter into *rapport* with you, which creates a oneness, from which that brotherly affection, or love principle emanates. I have shown you that death, so called, is just as necessary for man's development as breath is for the body. Death should be esteemed as one of man's best friends. The fear of death is only the opposite to the bliss, enjoyment and happiness it brings. I have shown you that man is God (or good), according to the knowledge he has of Him. I have shown you that for nearly all things you have on earth, we have a similarity. I have called to my assistance the attributes which go to prove to you the absurdity of man's being made of clay, or coming through the Darwinian fallacy, and have shown you that man is the outgrowth of worlds developed to that standpoint. I have shown you that man was the finest particles of the crude elements, and needs culture and refinement, which he can only

attain in the school of progress. We have taken you up the stream of time, where we visited other planets and saw the different races of men on different worlds. Then, we have brought you back and requested you to look and see if you could perceive a similarity on this earth, to those you saw on other planets. And I have also shown you how each different race or tribe took possession of this earth, to which theirs was congenial. These are some of the things I want you to write, that the children of earth-life may be the better prepared to meet the great excursion train that is on its way hither.

"Why has delicate and tender woman been called from her home and placed upon the watch tower, ready to give her life for a principle, and knowing that the fiery darts of the wicked would be hurled at her—will some one tell?

"My brother, there are many things I would like to say, but I must go and make my report to the council. Good-bye."

I then moved back into this earthly house, too cowardly to ask for help, and suffered on for two weeks or more; and would often feel the hand of some kind friend upon me, and would hear a still, sweet voice, saying, "Ask and you shall receive." My friends, you can hardly imagine how new and strange it was to me to ask through a public journal to be restored to health, and that by a spirit. But I surely did, and by spirit agency I have been restored. My hands and flesh are soft and tender, and sometimes almost transparent, yet I am well. I had no sooner made the appeal than I felt that my prayer was being answered, for immediately there came to my relief a band of five spirits from Dr. Campbell, and a band of nine from Drs. Thatcher and Dobson. They came in conveyances propelled by their own force

of will. You have read in the *Offering* what was done, and I will omit further comment, as this article is already too long, and yet I have not written half I was told. I feel grateful to all, for their kindness, especially to the good *Offering* for its kind efforts and the good influence it brings; and I hope to be able to devote more of my time to the good work we have to do.

GOOD NEWS FROM JOHN BROWN.

[From John Brown, who is, in some respects, one of the most wonderful mediums we have ever heard of, a lengthy communication is received, too late for this issue; it will appear next week, and will deeply interest every Spiritualist, and all who are inquiring into the wonderful revealments of the age in which we live. The experience of John Brown, for the last quarter of a century, it is now probable we shall get for the columns of the *Offering;* it will be a mine of spiritual wealth to all who are delving after gems and diamonds that far transcend in true value all earthly treasures. Readers of the *Offering* for the last year, familiar with the history of John Brown, will more fully appreciate what we say than those who have but recently commenced reading it, but none can be otherwise than deeply interested. We cannot refrain from giving extracts from a private letter accompanying the communication to which we refer, for it gives briefly, some facts connected with the recent sickness of our friend, and which brought him so near to the gates of death. Ed. *Offering.*]

Brother and Sister: I do wish I could get hold of you, or rather I wish you could know just how I am situated regarding

my present being. I am no more like the one I was six months ago than an iceberg is like a volcano; my flesh is clear, soft and nice; my sense of smell is wonderful, you would hardly believe it, if I were to attempt to tell you. All acids or fruits of an acid nature must be kept away from me, smoke of any kind is almost death to me, useless noise, the same. I was a slave to tobacco until a short time previous to the crisis I have just passed. I had employed many physicians to cure, or cause me to leave off using it, but to no avail. I will tell you the truth, the spirits caused me to forget it; the same spirit that for many years had tried to wean me from it, but knew not how, tells me that he has since learned how. * * * * Oh, how I wish I could take you with me, so you could see and hear as I do. Perhaps you do; I hope so. It is only a short step from here to our neighboring planets. The road is settled nearly all the way. The air we live in is filled with people. I often hear them talking and singing, and I go and see them, and visit as I would if I were to go to Iowa and visit you. I am told the time will come when we will visit each other as we do now, by going from one state or department to another, and it will be no more a mystery than is telegraphing. * * * * I am free from tobacco and other poisonous drugs of all kinds, and intend to devote at least, some of my time to the good work. I shall first write of the things spoken of in the communication I send with this. My guide told me he would assist me in refreshing my memory, seeing the condition I was in. I am prevented from reading, in fact I never have been allowed to read any spiritual work, not even Mr. Davis' works.

CHAPTER XI.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

Who, after reading the following, can ask, "What is the good of Spiritualism?"

We call attention to the interesting letter of D. R. A., the author witholds his name from the public, but we have it, and of the facts given, there is no doubt, relating the circumstances of a wonderful cure effected entirely by the healing power of spirits; the circle and the patient being nearly a thousand miles apart. No one, Spiritualist, Materialist, or Christian, can read this well authenticated case, without desiring to know more of a power that may be made immensely useful in practical life, and beneficial to the human family. Such manifestations, not only demonstrate continued. individualized existence, but the fact that the physician who, while in earth-life, unsuccessfully treated this patient, now comes back, and with the experience, knowledge and power obtained in spirit-life, succeeds in what he then failed

to accomplish. But we now have something, in some respects, better than even this to give to our intelligent, truth-loving readers; facts that have come within our own knowledge, and for which we hold the vouchers. It is a case with which our readers have already been made partially acquainted. We allude to the case of John Brown, J. B. Campbell, M. D. V. D., and other mediums.

For the information of new subscribers, perhaps we had better go back a little, and answer the question they will naturally ask: "Who is John Brown?" We answer, it is over a year since J. S. Loveland wrote of facts that had come to his knowledge, of which there was the most positive evidence, of the marvelous experiences of an aged man with whom he had become acquainted, then living at San Bernardino, Cal. John Brown had been many years a hunter in the Rocky Mountains, had his habitation among various tribes of Indians, and was said to possess remarkable mediumistic power. We became interested, wrote to Mr. Brown, and, as the readers of the *Offering* know, it resulted in a correspondence that has been published, giving accounts of mediumistic experiences, which, had they not been well authenticated, would be deemed incredible. We cannot repeat them, but hope by and by to get the life history of Mr. Brown and publish it in book form, for the good of the world.

Now, to the facts we wish to relate; three months ago, the long silence of Mr. Brown caused us some anxiety and a fear that he was sick. We wrote a letter of inquiry to our old-time friend, J. S. Loveland. Our impressions proved true; Mr. L., answered that the good old man seemed to be near the gates of death, had been sick a long time, was nervous and disheartened,

but the fact that we had expressed an interest in his welfare cheered and seemed to inspire him with a new desire for life. Some days after the receipt of this intelligence, we were agreeably surprised to get a letter from Mr. Brown, only a few words, written, while supported in bed, manifesting a desire to live yet a few years, to finish the work he had to do on earth, and expressing the belief that were he where Dr. Campbell, of the American Health College, could treat him, he would recover. He dwelt with so much earnestness upon this spirit impression that we wrote immediately to Dr. Campbell, and, as readers will remember, published the letter, with the request that Dr. Campbell, Dr. Dobson, and Dr. J. H. Thatcher, of Eureka Springs, Ark., should do what they could for him. Whether doctors Dobson and Thatcher have any special experiences to relate in the case, we do not know; if they have, we would be glad to hear from them. Our readers will recall the letter of thanks, published by Mr. Brown, two weeks ago; he stated that from all these sources he had been helped. But it is of Dr. Campbell, and Mr Brown we especially desire to write.

As before stated, we forwarded the letter received from Mr. Brown to Dr. Campbell. Three days after, he answered:

"I received letter and request in behalf of your friend, Brown, and the same evening, with the letter in my hand, went alone to my study and gave a long sitting. I requested my spirit band (five in number) to go at once to Mr. Brown, expressing the belief, that the connection formed by the letter would enable them to find him. The next morning I again retired to my room, and was informed by the spirits that they had found Mr. Brown, had formed a circle around him and he was better."

Dr. Campbell closed his letter by requesting that if we heard from Mr. Brown, to inform him, and that he should ask his spirit friends to continue their treatment. One week after, to our great joy, we received a letter from John Brown, thanking us for what we had done, saying: "Dr. Campbell's band of five spirits came to me, I saw them, and they treated me and I am better." Several letters followed, all saying, "I am gaining, the spirits are helping me." These facts, however, were withheld from Dr. Campbell until January 25th, the day we went to press with No. 22. That day we received a letter from him, urging us to tell him all we knew of John Brown, saying:

"My band of spirits tell me he has been all the time improving, that they yet have him in charge; I am anxious to know the facts, believe them true, but want it confirmed."

We would no longer withhold the facts we had, and wrote Dr. Campbell, "You will have your answer in this week's *Offering*. We congratulate you upon the success of your efforts, and the truthfulness of your spirit friends." That our readers may be refreshed in memory, we republish that part of the letter of Mr. Brown, referring to the case.

"Bro. and Sister Fox: I wrote you a few days ago and now I am permitted to acknowledge the receipt of your good letter of Jan. 3d. Yes, I am better; I am well, that is, this body I live in is well. The good *Offering* you sent out on a mission in my behalf had all the good effect desired. The immediate response of Dr. Campbell, Dr. Dobson and Dr. Thatcher, together with your good letters and influence, has done for me that which I verily believe would have deprived President Arthur of his present position, by restoring to health our much lamented President

Garfield, had the request been made. * * * I am writing too much, for I am prohibited by my controls from writing or reading till mentality is fully restored, and I am writing now by special permission. * * * If the commission sent by Brother Campbell, (five in number), with your help, would assist by their good influence I may be of help to you. I am still under control of that commission; through them, Bro. Campbell knows all, for they visit me nearly every night, sometimes in the day time, and tell me not to use my mental power any more than possible, until they have time to restore it to a strong, healthy action. I am disobeying and will close, I must write our good editress a few lines, and thank her for the rose she sent me. As ever, yours in the good work."

We have dwelt longer upon this case than we should, but for the remarkable tests of spirit control. Will the reader please note, John Brown is very sick in California, more than two thousand miles from Dr. Campbell. We forward a letter; the night the letter is received by Dr. C., his spirit band go to Mr. Brown, and the next morning report that they have been with him, that he is better, and the doctor writes us accordingly. Seven days after, we get a letter from John Brown, who is unacquainted with Dr. C., and with whom correspondence was impossible except through spirits, that five spirits came to him, formed a circle around him, and that they continued to come every night, that he is now well in body, but weak, and under their control. In all our experience, we have never had anything in this phase of manifestation better. Who, after reading the facts of spirit healing, first referred to, and the very peculiar circumstances attending the case of John Brown, can, with the least consistency

ask, *what is the good of Spiritualism?* In the facts herein given, the world has better proofs of immortality than was ever shown by the Christian Church. In Modern Spiritualism alone are found the evidences of a continued, individualized existence, and all rests upon mediumship; hence, every effort to impair confidence in mediums, is a dagger-thrust at the heart of Spiritualism, and when the mask is struck off, the weapon will be found in the hand of an enemy.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW EXPERIENCES, ILLUSTRATIVE AND PROPHETIC VISIONS.

After I came from the post-office this morning, with the *Offering*, I sat down by my little stove and read till I came to the words: "What shall we do?" Then a curious sensation came over me, and I felt as though I was going up, up. I seemed to leave the earth behind, and was out in open space. I soon neared a beautifully lighted plain; and, as I came close thereto, perceived a charming little brook of pure running water, which divided the beautiful plain from where I was standing—my feet close to the edge of the water. As I seemed to bend over the little brook, I thought I was half on one side and half on the other. At this moment, a beautiful young lady stood close to me, but on the opposite side. The first words she spoke, were: "Don't step over this little brook, please. There is work for you to do over there where you live. See, this little brook, about one step wide, with its beautiful fringe of evergreens to mark its winding way

around the earth you stand on. It runs in a circle. You are on the inside, I am on the outside. None can get to where I am without first they step across this little brook." She then called my attention to a portly looking man, of about fifty years, approaching us in front. She asked me if I knew who that was. I said, I do. It was my grandfather, who was killed at Bunker Hill, battling for the liberty we now enjoy. I had never seen him before, yet I knew him. She said, "look there," pointing in front of me. Looking, I saw a little way off, hundreds of beautiful spirits, of nearly all ages, except infants.

They were of a reddish hue, all dressed alike, and were kneeling with hands and arms folded upon their bosoms. They were kneeling in rows,—the smaller ones in front, the larger next, and so on. As the rows extended back, they were raised higher up, and looked brighter and brighter, till my sight could penetrate no farther for the brilliancy that shone around them. Their heads were naked, and their hair nicely trimmed, and their dresses were nearly the color of their skins, becoming brighter as the rows extended back. The little woman then drew my attention to an old gentleman and lady who approached near us, and there I beheld my father and mother, who came and laid their hands upon my naked head, for I had on no hat; I had seen no one whose head was covered. They spake no words; their lips, like mine, were sealed, and yet they were cheerful, and they seemed to be waiting a short time for a jubilee. As they passed on, many others came from my right, and passed in front of me; and, as they passed on, I saw many of my acquaintances, and my grandchildren looked at me and appeared to say: "In a little while, you will be with us." My young friend, who had not

moved from where she first stood, motioned with her hand, and the whole scene was changed. The field was clear—not a soul was to be seen, none but my good little friend could I behold. Then, she looked sharply at me and smiled, saying: "Ain't that nice?" and her brilliant eyes seemed to penetrate my inmost soul, as she came near me with the apparent desire to take me by the hand, saying: "Don't you know me? Don't I look like your Sylvia? Why pa! I am your darling little Celia. Haven't I grown? Ain't I a great, large girl? Now you must be cheerful, pa! Look yonder—see that lady! Ain't she nice?" I saw in front, a woman, nicely, but plainly clad. Her dress was different from any I had seen. No guaze or lace was there. My child, as I will now call her, then said to me: "Pa, that is my cultivator; you call them teachers, so I will say she is my teacher; and, pa, all those children you saw kneeling before you, were Indian children. They were placed in front of you by our principal teacher, so you could see them, and they are so good.

Pa, I must talk fast, for don't you see that house?—that is where the council for this department meets. The council is now on business regarding, "What shall we do?" I was placed here, beside this little brook—this crystal stream, to take care of you; and none were allowed to converse with you but me, and oh! I am so glad that I was chosen to meet you, pa; for your kindness, the council have taken from me all restraint, and I am privileged to tell you all I know—all I have learned since I have been here, and more too; for there are others far in advance of me, that will help me, for they know you, pa; as a man is known by his color and make, so we are known by the body we put on when we come here. Some call it dress, but dress

changes, body never does, only in life. Dress changes to mark our progress, or advancement here. Pa, I have seen the new body you will put on, with its dress, when you come to live with me. You have seen it.

You remember, when you came over here, a good many years ago, and mother and I and all the children cried and cried, and called and called you, till, pa, the spirits took you back to us. That was the time when the spirits showed it to us. It had two stars, and other tokens placed to your credit. One of your friends here has told me all about it. One of them is close by me now. You will see him soon. He is now in the council. That was the time, pa, when you were so sick, and ma took me in her arms and carried me into the room where I bid you good-bye, just thirteen years ago to-day, and that night I stepped across this little brook,—yes, this little brook, which only separates us by one short step—when that is taken, we will grasp each other by the hand and have a glorious jubilee.

Pa, there are no chains—no fetters here to bind the human soul. When once you step across this little brook, the prisoner then is free. Here is where we meet our friends. I shall not attempt to describe that happy meeting. I know of no spirit of however long duration here, but would lag far behind in attempting to describe the new-born, entering the gates of heaven. It is like oil mixing with oil—it is like love mixing with love, it is the end of sorrow, the beginning of bliss. It is the end of hell, the beginning of heaven. It is where death retains to himself all that is evil—all that is error. It is where the old is laid off and the new is put on; and, oh! how happy we all feel when we see our friends clad in garments of purity—sparkling with the

bright stars in indication of good acts, good works, good deeds, done while in the body.

"Oh, pa, here comes little Nellie! Wait, see what pretty rose-buds she has brought. This small one she names as I *was;* and this larger one, (see, it begins to blossom,) she calls, as I *am;* and says, they are for pa and ma. Oh, there is so much I wish I could tell you. Pa, we have books, newspapers, and all such things as you have, but ours are different from yours. We have books that will tell us all how the earth was formed, and how men and women were first put on it. Also, all about the small departments and the grand departments, and how people should not marry those of their own tribe, but should marry into other tribes. By inter-marrying with other nations, man would much sooner get a key that would unlock the great mystery of their present being, and would form one grand division with those I will not speak of now. By-and-by, pa, I will tell you more about these things, if you come again.

"I am glad that you sent little Charles Dueber the *Offering.* I wish everybody would take it; and, pa, I was there when Sister Mary took up the paper one day, and she looked all round, and thought the spirits were there. And she wrote you, in her last letter about it. Tell ma, and all my brothers and sisters, that I go to see them often. Ma knows I do. I often go with Brother John, over to that little lot, you know where. Tell them all to remember this little brook we stand beside, and not to be sorry that I came away. Look, there they come—the council's closed." And, as she turned around, she was gone.

I have left out much that I might have written. She told me of the difficulty spirits had to take on earthly matter—to wrinkle

up; look old—contract and put on such clothes as they used to wear on earth; and in every way, look as when in the form, so their friends might know them. The angels, as they are called, are none but spirits of men and women, who appear just as they look in spirit life. She spoke of hanging; and said that all killing was murder; all was wrong—all was animal. She said, to use her own words: "Why, pa, I am but a child, and I know better than to kill. Who, having an unruly horse, or bull, that kills one of its kind, will not say, now I will confine you; I will put you where you will do so no more, and at once fasten him with rope or chain in a stall, as a punishment; they take from him his liberty." She spoke much about the treatment of mediums, putting flour in their hands, etc., and smiled at the weakness of men.

I looked to my left, down the stream, and saw five men, dressed in plain, nice black clothes, with hats on. They came toward me, when four returned and went into the house I had seen. One approached to within a short distance, and beckoned me to come. I moved down the stream, but did not cross it, and settled down beside another brook, which seemed to shine like the noonday sun, and emit a glow of rainbow hue. It crossed the first one at right angles.

Here stood my guide; and, pointing up the stream, said: "John, look and learn." I traced it far beyond where man's vision had ever reached before. It seemed to emanate from different planets, or worlds, all inhabited by men of long duration, whose wisdom far outstretched all conception of the men on this earth. This new river, yet it was old, seemed to connect different races of men, on different planets, in one grand, harmonious

brotherhood. Even the glittering orbs, which sparkle in the great etherial blue, seemed to say: "We are neighbors—we are friends;" and the very earth I stood on, sent forth from her inmost bosom, in thundering tones, the words: "I am not alone; I too, live, and move, and have my being." I thought all above, below, around, was one grand being, possessed of life, and I was part thereof. My guide then said: "See, this stream carries with it a secret monitor for every soul that is the germ we try to cultivate."

Up to this time, all I had seen, seemed to shine in the embrace of each other's friendship. All seemed to be one, yes, one grand universe of brotherly and sisterly love, governed by truth, polished by the hand of science, which gave it the appearance of one grand sea of glass.

My guide now called my attention down the stream; I looked, the scene had changed. I could see the entire race arrayed in deadly combat. He said: "John, that is truth and error, you see. They cannot mix." I thought it was winter; it was cold, and all the light we had was from the rays of the moon, as it shone through the parting clouds, as they drifted by, with here and there a ray of sunlight that no cloud could obscure. I saw misers hiding their ill-gotten gain, and felt like saying to them, "up here, you will be invited to unload." I saw the rich man, standing by the door of the poor, ordering the officer to eject them into the highway, because unable to meet the monthly payment of rent. And then again, I heard the words: "What shall we do?" sent up to heaven. I felt like placing before them, the camel and the needle, for they were all church members. I thought I could see angels ministering to the sick mother as

she lay upon the couch, with her children standing around, crying for bread.

Here the words went up again: "What shall we do?" Then, I heard a feeble voice, saying: "Oh, charity, where art thou?" but no response was given. I saw the licensing of crimes, the worst of which was alcohol. I saw men who seemed to be insane —they were clamorous for blood. Some had ropes in their hands, saying: "I am the hangman; bring me the victim." My guide then said: "John, come back; touch not the unclean thing, for our council is preparing a message, concerning the destiny of the American Republic, embracing all those things."

My attention was then called to men and women sitting in churches, apparently listening to the man in the pulpit but were not, neither did they believe his words—they were Spiritualists, and were whispering to each other—popularity. I saw another class of Spiritualists, belonging to no society, but had long been visited by their spirit friends, who were hiding the light that was in them. I also saw hundreds of good mediums, crushed, murdered, I might say, for want of courage to face the scoffs and sneers of the learned ignorant. Right beyond these, I saw another class of mediums, who were faithful workers, who shed forth light, and were kindling fires, whose light penetrated the very heavens. A little further on, and higher up, I saw mediums as angels, for angels they seemed to be.

The one which drew my attention most, was standing upon the very dome of our National Capitol, like the Goddess of Liberty, with outstretched arms, saying to the people, "take warning; our mission is peace, love and charity. We come to better the condition of earth's children." Standing around this medi-

um, were angels of resolute and determined thought. Still further on, and higher up, I could see the entire army of patriots, who bore the standard of liberty to victory; and back of this, a man came riding on a white horse, in front of this army, carrying the American Flag, crying in a loud voice: "Our pledge stands as good to-day as in '76."

Then there passed before me a huge mass, thousands upon thousands of all classes, men, women and children, of all ages. It was storming, and I could see women whose dresses were rent from top to bottom, and children hanging to the strips, as they passed on, facing the storm, which beat upon their almost naked forms. Then I heard a voice, saying: "What shall we do?" My guide then said: "John, what meaneth the things thou hast seen?" I made no reply, for I felt as though I was a wooden statue. My guide then said to me: "John, we see the dark cloud gathering, but we have no ill will, no harsh words to speak; our mission is one of peace on earth, good will to man." Especially would we take the clergy by the hand, and say to them, we, too, like Paul, worked hard, till time developed our error; and then, we saw with new eyes, and heard with new ears. We know how hard it is to abandon long cherished doctrines, though errors they may be. Yet, the dark places must be lighted and the crooked made straight. We desire to send to each and every clergyman in the land, a Spiritual paper, but let there be no amalgamation with the creeds of men, but hold fast to all that is good.

But time would fail to relate all I saw, or repeat all I heard, and therefore I omit much that I might give.

Little Nellie, spoken of above, is one of my grandchildren, a

daughter of S. P. Waite, of this place. At the time of her departure from this earth-life, I was present, and when all hope of her recovery was gone, the three spirits, which I had seen watching over her, telegraphed her friends to come; and soon, I saw her Uncle Theodore and Aunt Lizzie Waite, descend, and stand beside the sick-bed. On their arrival, they rang a little bell, that all might know that they had come for her, and all further efforts to retain her, were useless. The three spirits, whom I had seen watching her, went away on the arrival of her relatives, and soon she took her departure, leaving her earthly remains in my arms, which were carefully laid in the tomb. I saw my little Nellie, as above described, and soon, I expect to see and live with her, in her home in the heavens.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST BREAK IN THE ATLANTIC CABLE, SHOWN TO JOHN BROWN.—THE LOCATION, AND ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES SEEN AND DESCRIBED.

Soon after the first Atlantic cable was laid, I was taken by my guide, and shown the defect, which would soon suspend communication across the ocean. I was shown the exact condition of the cable. The latitude and longitude where the break would occur, were clearly shown me, by my guide. The temporary suspension of communication was caused by the cable chafing in the crevices of the rocks at the bottom of the ocean.

So perfectly clear was everything made by my guide, that I firmly believe I could have taken the helm of a ship, and gone blindfolded to the exact spot, and in three days' time, have set everything to rights.

But, while showing me the impending break in the cable, my guide showed me the perfect feasibility of marine telegraphy,

—the certainty of its success, and that the world would be made wiser as the result. I wrote a full account, at the time, and sent it to the Los Angeles *Star* newspaper. But it, being a spirit communication, was, of course, like all new discoveries, of the devil, and could find no room in that paper.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNSEEN OPPOSITION.

[From *Foundation Principles.*]

There is a thread of truth running through all religions. In other words, truth crops out as much as it can. The Christian system is framed with special reference to unseen opposition, which is designated by the term, "devil." The real conflict seems to be between those natural laws of growth which tend to universal liberty, and the desire of priestly power that the rulership of the planet shall be vested in an ideal personality, represented by a proxy priesthood. We give in this article, a few mediumistic experiences, tending to show the need of testing spirits.

Some sixteen months since, we received a letter from our venerable friend, John Brown Sr., of San Bernardino, Cal., in which he stated that he had been quite sick, and was not yet well.

What was the matter? Awhile previous he had received a communication, stating, that if he would go to Los Angeles, he could be used to liberate Jennie Leys from the grasp of Jesuit spirits. His benevolent soul caught at the idea of the good to be done, and he went without further question; but mark the result.

He did not even see Miss Leys, but in trying to do so, was brought in contact with a poisonous spirit magnetism that nearly killed him—would have done so, probably, had not his own band got control of a medium in San Francisco, and sent him a prescription to counteract the effect of the Jesuit magnetism.

If Brother Brown had stopped to analyze his own nature, he would have known that he was not the one to do such a work. To free a captive from psychological chains, needs a character as positive as sheet lightning—one who could defy death, or take off a head, if conditions demanded; instead of a nature, that, through its honest, trusting tenderness, is necessarily more or less negative. By his permission we make extracts from letters received more recently.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Nov. 28, '84.

"MY FRIEND: Your neat little journal comes all the way from Clinton, Iowa, to pay its monthly visit to this Pacific Coast, and is greeted by its many readers with a hearty welcome.

"Sister Waisbrooker, let me tell you, there are many mansions yet in the far off, filled with truths that our minds have not yet spanned, and which must, sooner or later, be placed before us for our puny eyes to look upon; and sometimes I feel like praying to the gods to pick me up and take me over on the other side, and save me the immense labor of working my way over.

"My surroundings are not the best in the world for my spirit-

ual work. The same Jesuitical spirits you so intuitively and truthfully made mention of, in *Foundation Principles*, No. 5, are still at work to silence me. I feel their influence at this moment, trying to prevent my writing to you. They seem determined to hold me as they do poor Jennie Leys. They dislike for me to write to you. I have been contending with them for several days. They seem to be afraid of you and wish to keep everything from you. JOHN BROWN.

December 16, '84 Mr. Brown wrote:

"SISTER LOIS: Your brave, good letter reached me a few days since, and it was quite a relief to get a few words from one, who, to some extent, seems to have the power to banish an influence, which, to say the least, is not very pleasant.

"There seems to be a contention between my controls and their opponents; the object of the latter being to silence me. This same influence is kindling its fires in different parts of the land, desiring to consume, if possible, the last hope of man's emancipation, and bind our liberties with a cord that only the sword can sever.

"Were I writing for the press, I would tell Spiritualists to look to themselves, and listen to the spirit that leads into all truth—to arm themselves with the scale of justice and the sword of truth—to make the crooked straight by hewing to the line and the plummet; but under the present olive branch system, this would be called radicalism, and would unhitch us from the dogmas and creeds we love so well."

On Jan. 16, '85, Mr. Brown wrote as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND: Your last letter did its work. I am now free; they left me upon my complying with your prescription. Like

Sampson, my strength has returned. You have the power, the will, and the vim, and the Jesuits must go when you get after them."

We have quoted enough for our purpose, and we will say right here that we do not recollect what we wrote, neither do we claim all the credit of the result. Our friend, A. J. Pope, who has a very positive sphere, wrote also; still, it all would have done no good, had not Brother Brown's own soul force united with ours. He was a struggling, not a willing captive.

To those who question the power of spirits, if they have the right conditions, to throw a poisonous magnetism upon one, to their injury, we have only to say, we know a medium living less than a thousand miles from here, who has the meanest kind of a Christian husband—one whose desire to rule is so great, he says he would rather be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion. Once, when he was trying to force her to consent to a plan of his, which, when consummated, would deprive her of her home; upon his leaving the house, one of her band took control of her, and set her to magnetizing the lounge upon which he was accustomed to throw himself when he came in, charging the little girl to tell her mother, when she returned to consciousness, not to go near it. The result was, the Christian "head of the wife" passed a sick night. At another time, they kept him sick a week; her controls say they could have killed him, but they did not wish to do so. The last mouse this ambitious Christian is trying to be a head to, is a division of the Salvation Army.

This man is himself a medium for the class of spirits he represents, and though not aware of the fact, one half of his meanness to his wife has come from them, against a mediumship that

does not recognize Christianity. Those spirits have tried through him to kill her—nearly succeeded at one time; her's have gone no farther than was necessary to protect her. Why don't she leave? She will at the right time; but of all the cunning, cruel, unprincipled spirits upon the other shore, ignorant Christians, who are completely under the control of spirit priests, are the worst.

They, of all others, have the most reason to fear the advent of spirits—not only because the deceptions they have practiced in the past are being revealed, but because the foundation upon which they have reared a superstructure, through which they have hoped to perpetuate their power, is being destroyed. If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the builders do?

We wish to re-assert right here, that if the analogies of nature —the laws governing both mind and matter do not lie—if the eighth note in the scale of harmony is but a repetition of the first—if the atmosphere is evolved from the interaction of earth's denser material—if a tree grows out of the ground and must remain connected with it to live—then *our* spirit world is evolved from the elements arising from the action and interaction of the mental and spiritual forces which first find expression here. Yes, *our* spirit world; for so sure as the life forces of the germ must elaborate its own body, so certain as roots are needed for a tree-top, so true must it be that each earth grows its own heaven. But as the material earth of to-day is not the same, either in the condition of its atoms or the conformation of its surface, as it was in the earlier geologic periods, and as such changes have been accomplished, in part, through vast upheavals, so must it be in the mental and spiritual changes, needed to bring the higher

conditions for which the world is looking and praying. Mental and spiritual upheavals and earthquakes will be required to bring the great changes, necessary to the further development of the world.

Tracing the geological periods of earth, we find that certain vegetable and animal forms are just suited to its conditions; and consequently, flourish, and are a success. Other species, presenting a dwarfed, a starved appearance are found perfected and vigorous in the next epoch. Passing into the mental and spiritual sphere, we find in each period, the prophets of the coming one—of the "New heaven and the new earth," for the epochs of mind, of soul, corresponding to geologic epochs, pertain to both states of existence.

Now, take into consideration the fact that the inauguration of the *new* is certain to dispossess the dominant powers of the *old*, and we may begin to realize something of the pressure behind the movement to subvert and swallow up Spiritualism. It is a matter of life or death to the present spiritual rulership of the planet; and this being an era of the love of power, that held by a priesthood as delegated from a personal God—a priesthood stretching back through the centuries—such a power will not yield without a terrible struggle. All the cunning ascribed to their fabled Satan will be summoned to their aid. We may also understand that the genuine prophets of the *new*, and their sustainers, will be especial objects of attack.

Brother Brown says: "They seem to be afraid of you, and wish to keep everything from you." We have been aware, again and again, that that which should have come to us has been swept from us.

Once, in San Bernardino, and not two miles from Friend Brown's, we offered a book to a good old man, a Spiritualist, (we were very much in need of money), but he said, "no, the times are hard, and I have been paying out so much." We learned, a few days after, that he had just sent $10 to Jennie Leys. We do not hesitate to say that Jesuit spirits brought Jennie Leys out of the church into the ranks of Spiritualism for the very purpose of getting possession of the money of Spiritualists to help sustain her in the work they design to do. While Spiritualists are being soothed by "Summer Land" songs, no stone is left unturned, no device untried.

The insane asylum is one of their methods. We have a friend who is subject to the control of various spirits, Catholic priests among others; and, though they do not seem to get control of her real mental self, they so far control the physical that for the time, she does and says what they will. During the infancy of her daughter's youngest child, the mother had to watch, lest these same priests should use the grandmother to steal it away and have it baptized.

About a year since, we visited this friend at her invitation and expense, but on reaching her home, we found her under the control of a priest. For a time he only scowled, but on getting control of her organs of speech, he told us we were crazy, and would be shut up if we did not leave. When he found he was only laughed at he left, and then we could visit with our friend.

The past winter, while her daughter was reading a letter we had written, that same priest, or some other one, took control of her, and said that we were dangerous—a woman whose influence was to be feared; and that they have tried to kill us at dif-

ferent times, we are well aware. But there is too much to be said on this subject to attempt to say it all at once; so we will close with a quotation and a comment upon it.

In the work, "Jesus Christ a Fiction," Lactantius, one of the early Christian Fathers, makes an appeal to the Catholic leaders, in the following language:

"Although a powerful organization supports you on the spirit side of life, a more powerful one will compel you to change your doctrines radically, or will overturn your church from its foundations."

It is with this "more powerful one" that we must connect, if we would make true progress—one that will stand the test of fire, and when weighed, will not be found wanting—will not have lost either in weight or quality.

But, to make such connection as will hold, there must be no mixture of policy for the sake of present gain. As we cannot stand alone, we must comply with the conditions through which we can hold on to this advanced and "more powerful" organization of spirits, and be held by them; or, as sure as we exist, we shall be swept in on the other side. We may not see it; nevertheless, it will be true; and our efforts, instead of aiding to bring in the *new*, will be subverted to the patching and perpetuating of the *old*.

CHAPTER XV.

OLA-PODRIDA.

SECTION I.—THE POWER OF THE BALLOT.

[From the *Western Watchman.*]

[The following is from a pioneer in political progress, and namesake of "John Brown, of Pottawattamie." He is a man, too, of similar character, as to persistent adherence to the right under any and every discouragement and temptation, though less harsh and rugged than the hero of Harper's Ferry. It will be perceived that he has not yet viewed the ballot question in the light of recent investigations, but he will probably read with interest, the report of Cosgrave's Stockton lecture in our last issue, as well as other documents on the subject that we shall place within his reach.—ED. WATCHMAN.]

Your letter and *Western Watchman* papers reached me sev-

eral days since, and I have been pondering over their contents. * * * The great labor question is daily nearing some end; but what that end will be I am unprepared to divine. So long as men vote for a master, they should be subservient to him. At the polls, man, under our form of government, has the right to demand redress for the wrongs done him; the poll is the key with which to unlock his fetters, and let his chains fall off.

It seems to me, the remedy for all wrongs is in the hands of the voters, and so long as they sell their birth-right, they will be hampered by the consequence of their own doings. The laboring class is largely in the majority, and yet they do not send one friend to Congress; they vote for the banker and the bondholder, and thus place themselves in the jaws of the destroyer of themselves and the persecutors of their family.

I spent much of my time and money in the Greenback party; and, to tell you the truth, I am nearly worn out and am tired trying to help men when they will not come to the point, and swear, by the Eternal, (?) they will send men to Congress who will sweep our Capital clean of all classes of prostitution and restore back to the nation that which belongs it.

Matters are not improving in the least; on the contrary, every day, things get worse; and let me ask you if mob violence will make a plaster large enough to cover the whole sore? Has it ever done so, or will it ever do so? I fear not. Then, let the people act in some legitimate way, to redress their wrongs. They have the power in their own hands and should use it. Revolution is talked of, but that is dangerous; let us first try the ballot; and with a firm reliance on the integrity of good men, hope for the best. * * * May you be endowed with wisdom

to help banish the dark cloud that is constantly gathering at the door of the poor.

SECTION II.—IS THERE A JUST GOD?

[From *Foundation Principles.*]

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., May 4, '85.

SISTER LOIS: It is the unseen opposition that has caused my delay in answering your letter of March 28. Every shell you explode in the ranks of old theology, this opposition redoubles its efforts to check me and crush me out. At this moment they are doing all they can, so am I. Your paper of April 20th is a winder-up and a bringing to judgment of that cursed nuptial between Spiritualism and the unseen opposition of which you speak. Let the stone roll on, and let professing Spiritualists take heed, and cease striving to marry the new ministry with the old.

Let me ask you if it be true that there is such a being as the Christian God is said to be, who is present at all times and in all places, who is in us and we in him, who is without the beginning of days or end of time, whose ways are past finding out—who taketh vengeance on those who cannot find him out—one whose entire composition is made of love and unwilling to give pain, I ask, if this be true, may it not be time that you and I should know it?

I cannot and do not believe it. And where to find one that does, I ask you. I might make such pretentions, and side with others who do the same, for the sake of popularity, but that would be deceiving myself knowingly, which I cannot do. I have

never been able to believe in such a God-being since my youthful days, when St. Louis, Mo., was in the cradle of its infancy, and I, with eleven others, fell in with a large village of Kiowa Indians, in the wilds of what is now known as Colorado. They seemed quite friendly with those with whom they were not at war. They invited us to stay all night with them, saying they had big medicine for their big Captain (God) for the next day.

When the next day came, there came with it a band of thieving cusses who had been on a war path to steal prisoners from New Mexico. They had taken captive a man, his wife, two girls and two boys; the two girls they kept for wives; the two boys for slaves. The mother had been killed or had died on her way to where we met them, but the poor father (Oh! God, where art thou?) was still in custody.

Soon there appeared a tall figure, with green buffalo-hide strings in his hands; at his side stood a lover of justice and mercy—I suppose they must both have been such, for they were God worshipers. Soon this unfortunate man was tied, his hands behind him and his legs together and a withe of dry grass wrapped around him from his feet to the top of his head, covering him completely.

Farther description of his agony I cannot give, as the fire soon began its work of cooking his flesh while my soul wept to think that my Father in heaven would permit such things to be done for his own pleasure and amusement, and to show forth his power and goodness.

Since that day I have been out of joint in regard to the "Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and the Lord's will has been done, and "blessed be the name of the Lord." If there is a just

God superintending the affairs of men, he never could permit such suffering. Still, it may be well for some to have such a good Lord, for they can steal their neighbor's hay-stack, and the priest, for a small sum, will set them all right, or he can keep close by the fountain filled with blood, and when danger approaches he can plunge in and come out white as snow. I shall do neither. JOHN BROWN.

SECTION III.—JESUIT SPIRITS.

[From *Mind and Matter.*]

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., June 27th, 1885.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS: I can realize and sympathize with all you say regarding Jesuitism, in *Mind and Matter*, of June 20th. My experience in that matter has been wonderful. If written, the world would not believe it. Yet it is true, and more than true, that to-day, many mediums and great literary men and women, are, at this moment, leading the new ministry back to the old stake of persecution and converting the new agency of reform into dungeons and prison cells, in which to place the faithful workers, as has already been done with some. The sooner this dark cloud is lifted, the better it will be for those subserving a cause antagonistic with which they are, perhaps thoughtlessly, ignorantly and unintentionally (which, in most cases, I believe to be the fact), forging chains to bind them in greater servitude than at any former time. Go on, Brother Roberts, pour out the light of the new ministry upon the heads of all the children, and may the good among them have power to

overcome all opposition, and come up to the help of the good work. * * * I was just in the act of closing this letter, when some one said, "John, I wish to ask one question. Why is it, that in this great State of California, with its tens of thousands of professing Spiritualists, a weekly paper, the size of a one dollar greenback, advocating Spiritualism, cannot be sustained; or, is not sustained? Is there not a cause for this? Men are usually intelligent and always ready to subscribe to all the wants of their fellow men, except to interest themselves in spiritual labor and duties. Is this not repudiating by their own acts the cause they should so gladly promulgate? This is surely the work of unseen opposition, and should be looked into. Nothing is gained without labor. An army going forth to battle without a well supplied quartermaster's department, is not complete, and the chances are that it will whip itself, by selling itself to the enemy for a mess of pottage. A SOLDIER.

Still fighting in the Union Army."

Thus have I complied with my friend's request, who, very unexpectedly came and stood beside me. Fraternally yours,

JOHN BROWN, SR.

SECTION IV.—THE WORK OF A WOMAN'S PAPER.

[From *Foundation Principles.*]

"*Foundation Principles*" comes with a force and will that bespeaks for it a long and useful life. It was not still born, as some anticipated at its beginning. It is no tread-mill for mere show; its brain power gives old dogmas and false creeds timely

notice of its approach, and bids them stand aside or be consumed by the truth it bears. Nothing but the principle laid down by you, and *Mind and Matter* will save the Spiritualists from a sectarian hell. I have long seen and felt the working of this Jesuitical force, which, to-day, is inviting Spiritualists to wash with them in the bowl of old errors. The spirit says, "wash and be clean; do not perform your ablutions in the filthy pool with the wicked; but wash in the bowl of truth, which leaves you unspotted and unstained before the world."

When will Spiritualists take hold of the new in all its beauty, and cease to contaminate Spiritualism in its purity, with Jesuitical aspirations, whose sole object is to break down and crush out all mediums through whom the heavens hold converse with the children of earth; let us never again become slaves, to carry the burden of a master. Friends of humanity, let us gird on the sword of truth anew, that no meteoric light can call us in to train in the ranks of Christian Spiritualism; let us not foster this monster that would chain us down as in days of yore, and with rack and thumb-screw make us obedient to their priestly decrees.

This priestly power, true to its grasping nature, and fearing a loss of its hold on humanity, held its grip and sustained slavery till heaven, with the sword, wrested it from them; it opposed all new inventions except those of torture, which they have preserved, and are using on innocent mediums. But I will close this article, and leave you to preach the funeral sermon of church bigotry, while I remain in the good work. JOHN BROWN, SR.

SECTION V.—LET US WORK FOR HARMONY.

[From the *Carrier Dove.*]

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., April 13, '85.

EDITORS CARRIER DOVE: My spirit guides and friends are constantly coming to me from their home in the heavens, and urging me to at once begin the good work of advocating harmony, for the protection and success of our Campmeeting. Discord, selfishness and strife, clothed with combativeness, they inform me, have begun to gather their forces. They deserve a strong rebuke, and should be kept off the ground. Our first grand Campmeeting means one of two things, a glorious victory or inglorious defeat. To secure the former, let it be my mission and your mission to work in the harness of fraternal brotherhood and sisterhood, and thus help to accomplish the good work that *heaven* has long been striving for; that is, a *heaven* on earth.

Fraternally yours, JOHN BROWN, SR.

SECTION VI.—THE GRAND ARMY ABOVE.

[From the *Golden Gate.*]

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., August 18, '86.

ED. GOLDEN GATE: I have just reached my home and feel impelled to write you, for it may be interesting to some of your readers to know that there was one in the midst of that great gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic, in your city, who saw the great army of the so-called dead mingling above and around their comrades as they passed on beneath the grand arch so wisely constructed for that purpose. Seated, as I was, in my

bay-window, I saw all. I saw John Brown, the hero and martyr, on the arch beside the eagle; beside him stood Col. Ellsworth; next to him stood Garrison and Phillips; around these men stood many others with hands on each other's shoulders, all saying, "We filled our mission." They all seemed pleased with the work they had done, and rejoiced at the work now being done, and that a grander reunion was now being enjoyed than many on this side seemed to realize.

On the other side of the eagle stood Lincoln and many of his aids, during the great struggle. They were showering down something that fell upon each soldier as they passed, which seemed to inspire them. Close by, stood Mr. Greeley, with pen in hand, saying, "I, too, have come to join in the great banquet of the nation;" and I saw him send slips of paper to those whom he felt desirous should comprehend their inspirational meaning.

All who stood upon the arch were desirous that the Grand Army should know that their missing comrades, who fell in mortal combat, or met a worse fate in prison, were there with them, and I could hear them shouting, "You, too, our comrades, filled your mission. Let this arch upon which we stand, remain, as an emblem that there shall be no more rebellion."

Let Spiritualists take warning by the lesson taught them, and be wise enough to know that on such gatherings as the one just passed, their spirit friends are not in attendance with them, as at other times, as they, too, mingle with kindred and friends, for that is part of the good work they have to do. Several of our good mediums were cognizant of this fact, and suspended communion with the spirit-world, for a time. All felt it.

A part of my mission to your city was to do a good work,

which the world will never know, and I shall continue in the good work I have to do. JOHN BROWN, SR.

CONCLUSION.

In closing this little narrative of some of my mediumistic experiences, I cannot refrain from giving to my readers a final word.

Our Spirit friends are desirous that it should be known that the time has come when all misleading words should be omitted, especially those no longer needed in the spiritual literature; for instance, we use the phrase, future life, when, in fact, there is no such thing as future life, *life is continuous, life that always was, always will be.* There are many other phrases that have become obsolete. Such as "the next world." What sort of a world is that to be? "The world to come." Where will it come from? The faithful, investigating spiritual students of to-day, who have profited by their development, must certainly see that such talk is no longer necessary, from the fact that we live, to-day, in spirit-life and in the spirit world, and there is none other. Thus, as they become acquainted with the teaching of the spirits, they learn the fact that all spirits are at home here on this, our planet, and we live together, associate together; some even eat and sleep together; there is no great difference between us, only *we* live in earthly bodies the same as our friends did once. Then, let us omit the use of worn out terms and use instead, new ones; the old is being done away and the new is coming into use; let us speak of the new conditions men and angels are bringing about, seek to know our duty as children of earth,

and thus learn to make our heaven respectable by walking uprightly and circumspectly before all men. Let us do that which will attract only the good, that our homes may be lighted by the visitation of spirit friends whom we know are about us, anxiously awaiting conditions for their reception, to those who wish to retain them.

Life is but a short journey, and I have got nearly through. It is a pleasure to know that I have done some good, during my earthly existence. It has always been my great desire to give ease instead of pain, comfort instead of sorrow, joy instead of grief, happiness instead of misery. May I hope, sometime, to meet all who read these lines.

Raise the standard high above you,
Let no traitor cast it down;
Then, when life on earth is ended
You will gain your heavenly crown.

Bid defiance to old error,
Let the golden rule prevail,
Then we'll meet beyond the river,
Just beyond the shadowy vale.

Lovingly, for the Right.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONFIRMATIONS.

The following persons, previously referred to, here attest to the facts as therein stated:

We, the undersigned, have read the "Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies," and take pleasure in saying that all, in reference to us, and all that we are conversant with, as related by Mr. Brown in that book, is true.

Further, we have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Brown for many years, and know him to be a man on whom the reader can rely for truth. Mrs. Ezra S. Parrish, J. C. Peacock, M.D., D. R. Dickey, M.D., Jas. W. Waters, San Bernardino, Cal. N. Williamson, Los Angeles, Cal.

Periodicals favorable to the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism have universally attested to the merits of this book, and as a sample, we submit the following:

The book is all that those who have ever heard of John Brown talk, or who have read his "Experiences," as published in various Spiritualistic periodicals, had any right to expect. This book is the life history of one of the most wonderful mediums the world ever saw.

If you want evidence that Spirits can come and live with mortals—conversing with them as familiarly and as freely from day to day and from year to year, as men talk with their most intimate friends—purchase this book.

If you desire the evidence that Spirits can foretell the future as distinctly and definitely as the news of yesterday can be read in your morning paper—send for this book.

If you want evidence that Spirit philosophers can come to the unlearned and teach them philosophy—see this book.

If you want evidence that Spirits can heal those among the sick who are beyond the skill of the most learned physicians of the world, and even raise those apparently dead—read this book.

If you want to see a history of the most wonderful things ever produced in Spiritualism—you want this book.

If you want to know beyond a reasonable doubt that those whom

we call dead are alive—that their life is as real and as tangible as the life you now live—see and study this book.

If you wish to know how to develop mediumship in a definite line—observe the instructions handed you in this volume.

Being now in his 80th year, this unrivalled psychic (whose mind is richly stored with incidents and facts) has furnished details of additional Mediumistic Experiences, prophetic visions and messages of interest to the public. These are recorded in the following pages.

EARLY SPIRITUAL WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

The history of Modern Spiritualism, which was the embodiment of a well-matured plan first laid in the counsels of the spirit spheres, may never be told, but its advancement in the world is as familiar as the sunlight; and its advent into California I deem advisable to make known (by the solicitation of my spirit guides) to assist the future historian when generations have gone by. I give it precisely as it occurred.

It commenced at the mission of San Juan, in Monterey county, California, in September, 1850, by the writer, who is best known as "John Brown, Sr., Medium of the Rockies," and Hon. Wm. J. Shaw, who alone composed the entire circle; myself being the medium through whom the spirits made known their presence.

At this meeting it was revealed to me that California had been admitted as a State into the Union, long before the steamer bringing the news had reached the harbor. This was done by the Spirit taking me out upon the Ocean and showing me the approaching vessel with a piece of canvas stretched from the mast whereon I read, "California Admitted," all of which I related to Mr. Shaw, who declared it to be wonderful. Soon the steamer came into the harbor with the words upon her canvas, "California Admitted."

In the Spring of 1852 I removed to San Bernardino and became the clairvoyant, writing, personating and healing medium for the following named persons: Amasa Syman, George Surrine, Dr. I. W. Smith, Wm. Stout, Arthur Parks,

Charles Chapman, Zini G. Ayers, Henry G. Sherwood, Thos. Blackburn, Hester Blackburn, Matilda Stout, who with many others became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism from the many wonderful manifestations and cures the spirits performed through me.

At first our meetings were held in secret—often in the cañons of the mountains, in some secluded place, because of the threats made against us. Our little band, who had become united, often sought some lonely glen where our spirit friends would come and commune with us. They stated then that the time would come when meetings would be held openly, and spiritual journals would be established. Spirits appeared so as to be seen and conversed with.

After settling in San Bernardino I performed some of the most remarkable cures on record. In 1853 I moved to Yucuipa Valley, 12 miles east from San Bernardino, and there our little band gained strength by adding to its number Vinson Slaughter, D. G. Weaver, David Bondreger, and Mrs. Gray and daughter, to whom the spirits gave some most wonderful tests.

In the Spring of 1857, I moved from Yucuipa Valley to San Bernardino, when the little band had increased by the names of Wm. Heap and wife, Wm. Stone, George Berton and wife, John Metcalf, John Carter and wife, John Metcalf, Jr., Mrs. Wallace, Joseph Highmore and wife, Henry Mogridge, John Bottoms and wife. Mrs. Burton had become a test medium and clairvoyant, through whom many became converted.

By this time all felt safe in meeting and defying opposing elements. Circles were held for physical manifestations at different houses, and for Sunday gatherings I set apart my front room, where the friends met for nearly two years. Dr. David Smith joined and assisted in establishing a library of Spiritual literature. The *Spiritual Telegraph* was read on Sundays with much interest, it being the only paper of the kind then published.

Our little band still grew, and the names of Moses Martin, John D. Patter, S. Mechan, Alfred Benson, Joseph Gilbert and wife, M. Linn, John Gregory and wife, Levi Blackburn, and others appear upon the record book of our society.

As many desired a larger house for holding meetings, it

was agreed to build a hall. L. M. Wallace donated the ground and our litle band put their shoulders to the wheel, and soon the hall that stands there to-day sprang into existence, which by slight repairs has served to the present time as a monument for those whose souls were filled with devotion to liberty and truth.

The inspiration of long-ago taught the truth, as well as that of to-day, for Jesus said, "If I go away I will send a comforter," and they are walking beside us to-day, comforting and inspiring those who will listen, as when Roman senators spoke freedom, when the light of the angel-world dawned upon men and they spoke with the unseen spirits which surrounded them, wrote their inspirations, saw as John saw on the isle of Patmos when the spirit said to him: "Lo! I am he that was dead and yet liveth; fall not down and worship me for I am only one of thy brethren."

This light has come as in days of yore, to lift mankind from doubts, superstition and fear to a knowledge of life eternal and its beauties. The glories of perfection in creative principles, are unchangeable and eternal.

VISION AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

This is what I saw and heard at the opening of the Midwinter Fair in Golden Gate Park, Jan. 27, 1894. I received a thrill of harmonious approbation upon beholding that which lay before me, where every heart seemed beating with throbs of liberty. The vision I saw, reminded me of the active interference of the unseen world in the affairs of this earth as related in the first Book of Kings. John Adams, in 1796, said with prophetic voice, "I always considered the settlement of America with reverence and wonder as the opening of a grand scene and design of Providence for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the enslaved part of mankind all over the earth."

The Fair was the grandest event of Californian history, and Nature was there shaking hands with Art. To one who can take in the horoscope, it would seem that the ladders were

let down from the celestial spheres on which angels were descending.

"God will search Jerusalem with a lighted candle," said a Hebrew prophet, and here I will say, that the Midwinter Fair is the lighted candle referred to. For behold, we rise into the light of spirit condition on beholding it, and its spirit condition will thoroughly clear the floor of all chaff. To touch the heart is to touch every organ and tissue; and to deal with spirit, is to deal with eternal life, whose judgment-day comes with every increase of light; and we should all remember as we journey up to new possibilities that with every increase of intelligence comes increase of responsibilities. It seems to me good that mankind is not compelled to remain in the bondage of the form, but can rise into the light and liberty of the spirit, which compel a new valuation of all things.

At first I thought it was judgment-day and all things were open to the naked eye, undergoing a searching inquiry almost too marvelous to be conducted by human faculty. It seemed to me nothing less than of divine origin, when human affairs were being put on trial. How well did I realize the hand of divine co-operation in that higher standard of truth, for promoting the welfare of humanity. I thought that a new-born age had opened; an age of astonishment to a great nation, and a hope to the world. And the whole world was bowing in silence, while genius was erecting palaces for science to live in, and that I stood at the gate of eternity, where Justice poised in her hand the sacred balance wherein to weigh the actions of men.

I tried to keep my eyes fixed upon cause and effect. I saw no mad animals that devour one another. I saw no ravages of war, no torrent of flames, no thrones destroyed. I saw the flag of our country waving over the grandest nation in the world, surrounded by an immense throng of people from all over the earth exclaiming, "God of mercy, thou hast given to this people dominion over nations and stamped upon their banner many triumphs." God has surely rendered unto them victories for ascribing merit to practice: "For judgment came I into the world," said Jesus, and the light that came with him reveals the incompleteness of the old order, and makes the possibilities of a still better one

still easier to comprehend as we rise into the height of the spirit-light.

"God is light," said an apostle; "God is a Sun," sang a Hebrew poet; "Walk in the light and ye shall not stumble," said Jesus. No matter how or from whence the light comes, it is Truth's revelation. No matter whether it comes from Mount Shasta, the '49 mining camp, the statue of Thomas Starr King, or that of Bruno in the Eternal City beside the Tiber, or the Midwinter Fair—this new light is making place for a broader brotherhood in which may be seen a New Jerusalem, a new heaven, a new increase of spiritual light from which all life emanates. What useful lessons may be learned, what profound reflections induced by the grand scenery. But it is not for me, neither does it belong to me to describe its magnificence. Everywhere my eyes beheld a flame of brotherly affection. Here I beheld genius arise from the mansions of meditation. I beheld that grand old landmark, Mount Shasta, whose summit seemed at home above the clouds,

"Where no sweet flowers
The dreary landscape cheers,
Where no sweet harvest
Crowned the passing years."

I also saw a more majestic figure; it was the statue of Thomas Starr King, viewing the artistic fruits of man's industry spread out before him; from which there came a whisper of love echoing the voice of the living, saying, "I cherish in rememberance a love for liberty and I still employ myself on the means of doing good for man, on which I build my own happiness. How I succeeded in performing this service in earth-life, history alone must bear witness.

"Do you believe that your improved condition is the outgrowth of inspiration over that of your predecessors? I will not shock the prejudice of anyone when I say that I am pleased with all the work you have done, knowing that it is the work of inspiration, and prejudice, (which has blocked the wheels of progress and breathed out its imbecile fury upon the heads of millions of the human race, making justice, love, mercy, and heaven a failure) should no longer blind the eyes of Reason.

"How short was my earthly vision regarding celestial things. I took my text from the book of nature (Mount

Shasta) and compared it with the Mount of Olives where Jesus was said to have travelled. How little did I think that I was then laying the corner-stone in the Temple of Liberty, around which the nations of the earth would be invited."

Here we may well ask, What will the ultimate be? Is life less than eternal? If so, science would seem sadly at fault. The forces seem constant and forever the same. Was it not a life-force echoing the thoughts of that good man the world calls dead, that I heard?

It surely must be the soul of progress, and with such energy, failure would seem impossible. I can never be divorced from that camp (Mount Shasta) and the statue of Thomas Starr King, say nothing of the multitude of ingenious, artistic structures that cover the ground. They are the emblems of love, order and humanity. Their inviting features commend the respect of the world. Here my mental vision forces me back to an every-day realization of those municipal disciples for whom there seems no hour of idle life while keeping their vigilant watch, not alone over the Midwinter Fair, but the multitude of people, that no mishap may befall them, making the disorderly, whose wayward natures may lead them astray, to love order, under the inspiration of justice, though it be repugnant to their habits.

The Midwinter Fair, like a mighty bell on the dome of the sky, will strike a new hour for the world; and there should be a sympathetic response from every human soul that will send a thrill of gladness round the world, to light up the dark places, if they would escape from degeneracy and decay; for ignorance is the prime evil of the world, and knowledge is the true savior that deals with their entire life. Whether we will or not, the judgment-seat of truth is the bar of God. The freedom of speech and the press were dearly bought, and should not be lost sight of. Without them the world would be black with darkness.

In view of the responsibility resting upon mothers, I would say that the God of this free land is not endowed with a misuse of power, going about reeking vengeance on those who know him not; from such charges let love release him. The God of humanity comes to you with language unmistakable saying, Christen your children with the liberal spirit that animated our forefathers; bedeck them with the decla-

ration that spoke freedom to the world; instill into their minds a love of country that surpasses theology as well as self; teach them to love their country with that zeal and courage that inspired our forefathers. Fill their souls with hopefulness, for the human race, and California will not be in danger of concussion of the brain or fracture of the skull. Its spiritual unfoldment is closing all such avenues and filling it with a life element of eternal existence, and when California, with all her lovely hills and valleys, has swept on through endless ages of eternity, you and I will still be living somewhere—the ages of the past have spoken it; the inspiration that Heaven gave us, long ago, has spoken it.

To you, veteran fathers and mothers, belongs the right to clothe your children as with the white leaves of the Lotus of Egypt, that their influence may bless the Nation and the State which we honor; and when you cast your eyes upon Mount Shasta (which can only be seen from the '49 Mining Camp) the echo will return to you—you have not celebrated in vain; California stands at the head of the class, giving us character abroad, and we feel proud that it is in the province of her sons and daughters to "proclaim freedom and liberty for her, now and forever."

During the 77 years that I have lived, the day that I stood before the grand stand listening to the echo that came to me was the grandest. It seemed to me that the seed sown in Chicago fell on good ground when it reached California; she is earnest, courageous and alive; she has no clashing of arms, no opposing forces, and no conflict to settle; and her hand is ever ready to aid those held in poverty's grasp.

Thus I have written from the book of nature as it seemed to me, and I hope my readers will partake of the same spirit and enjoy all the happiness of which they are susceptible.

I shall never forget that day and the state of my feelings when I beheld Washington, Paine, and those fifty-six farmers and mechanics who signed the parchment that struck at the shackles of the world on that memorable Fourth of July, 1776—assembled on the grand stand in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Cal.

I feel it incumbent upon me to say that those men are not dead, and I would not be faithful to my trust to let this truth pass unmentioned, when I myself once passed the por-

tals of death, and my mortal body was about to be interred while I stood in the midst of all and heard the doctors pronounce me dead. I knew all that was said and done; I knew that what they missed from the body I once occupied was my immortal self—the spirit which the body did not evolve and death cannot destroy.

I saw the spirits walk the viewless air around the grand stand where sat law-administering men, and I heard the spirits say to them that unselfish labor for human upbuilding is a positive duty binding upon every person. I beheld the signers of the Declaration of Independence and many others formed in a half circle above the speakers' stand, and I should feel pleased if some artist could draw a picture of that celestial band of ministering angels. In the centre of the circle stood George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield. "Behold the two martyrs," echoed a voice. Above Washington I saw Thomas Paine; over his head I saw the words: "This man laid the foundation for the liberty and the government of the race." In his right hand he held a flaming torch, not brilliant enough to dazzle the eye, but soft and white. In his left hand he held a newly-formed declaration ready for the coming crisis of a newly-formed commonwealth; "they no longer tolerate stealing the poor man's dinner and eating all but the meat." "Throw that away, because it is wicked to eat meat on Friday," echoed a voice above the roar of cannon.

Then Washington said to the multitude: "We come to you without glittering bayonets or clanking steel, or breathing an angry tide of scorn, but to bring you whispers from immortal life and say that, again old Liberty Bell is chiming out its notes of warning." Referring to Paine, Washington said: "That man's war on bigotry was the morning gun for liberty, the reveille that sent conviction to the souls of men which released them from the sin of ignorance." The multitude shouted applause.

Then I saw standing behind Paine the Goddess of Liberty holding the scale of justice in one hand, in the other a wreath of flowers, and with the voice of angels said: "Sons of America, look and learn." She then placed that wreath on the head of Thomas Paine, amid the shouts of millions of voices, with the words, "Amen and Amen." She then said,

"Those flowers you see were gathered from the seed he sowed in earth-life, when he brought the nations out of the dungeons of superstition and proved the law of nature to be primitive, governing, and anterior to every other law."

How men can orate for hours without mentioning his name has become noticeable as cowardly. For superior goodness he has no equal. Bible worshippers may amuse themselves by belieing his goodness, but it has no effect with lovers of justice.

Spirit Abraham Lincoln then said: "We join with you, my countryman, in thanks for the advance of free-thought all over the world, and can you not let exist in future but one law, that of nature—but one code, that of justice, but one altar, that of union? The churches have from the beginning exercised violence, and it always was and is to-day the habit of their priests to captivate the weaker-minded through the process of fear, fraud and delusion, to hold them as servants under the pretense of having a permit from God to do so. Once convince a man that he can by a death-bed repentance cheat justice and you have manufactured men for all manner of crime of which Giteau, Booth and Pendegrast are true samples. They were taught that when they find themselves besmeared with crime, to fall upon their knees, receive the holy unction and ascend to heaven white as snow. I have more charity for Booth, who caused my sudden change, than I have for those who teach such doctrines, or those who attack your public school system. Was Liberty born from the bosom of tyrants and despots, and shall justice be rendered by the hand of piracy and avarice? Violence is the argument of falsehood, and to impose a creed by authority is the act of a tyrant."

"Are we still Americans?" asked Garfield. "If so, it is time your statesmen were made to know that it is not necessary to steal in order to be great; they should let reason and common sense guide them and no longer remain hireling slaves of those who fear the probe of truth. The time has come when Liberty asks a hearing. Liberty floats the flag of peace but not the rag of treason. Yet another day, a little more reflection and a new-born age of astonishment to the minds of tyrants and a hope to humanity will be formed.

"Reason asks for no privilege that it is not willing to

extend to others. Reason never glories in the downfall of any human being, but offers hope to all. No trail of blood or wail of woe is seen in the wake of her gallant ship. She asks that her progeny be spared the dungeon, the rack and those terrible tortures suffered by her predecessors. She presents the record of the past and unfolds the flag of liberty for the future. Reason demands education, free public schools and a correct literature, with unlimited freedom to inquire into the sciences and become acquainted with nature's law. Nature has never drawn a sword, fashioned a rack or promulgated a creed. She lays all crimes at the door of him or her who is the guilty party, charges them with the account and refuses to allow the dumping of any one's criminality upon the back of another. She teaches that every person must answer for self. The inquiring mind must be free, that assassins may no longer be propagated by ecclesiasticism, who imitated their former acts against Socrates and Jesus, by depriving the American people of their presidents by the hands of their pupils.

"Let me tell you that we have passed through the long years of darkness and gloom to the brighter era, when that same Thomas Paine who, with his "Crisis" and "The Rights of Man," fired the hearts and stirred the blood of America's sons and daughters to fight for freedom, is here to-day, but not alone. The immortal ones who furnished the stimulus to that good man to sustain the heroes of that trying time that made every man and woman a hero and a willing sacrifice to be offered upon the altar of American liberty, are also here with him, with a new declaration to bequeath humanity's coming commonwealth, in whose temple will ever be green the memory of Thomas Paine, the man who brought solace to the aching heart of Washington and the bruised feet of his noble followers, whose decree has gone forth to the world that sour grapes and bitter bread commingle with the worm and the canker, and the grief of sorrowing mothers and fathers shall have an end."

Up to this time I scarcely knew what was being done in this mundane world. I had no conception but what all saw and heard the things that I saw, as it was given through the same law that marked the progress of man from all the ages gone by. I felt as though a new revolution

had just begun and that Truth was taking an inventory of man's actions, and Thomas Paine was lighting the way to a peaceful solution, to avert the storm that was brewing that might deluge this fair land in blood. I felt my weakness and inability and my little time on earth was of small use compared to the great amount of labor I saw before me, which the American people can illy afford to leave undone. Religion and political corruption are not capable of being inherited longer to devour the workingman's labor.

Here my mental vision beheld Governor Markham standing in the broad sunlight with uncovered head, which appeared so strange to me that I almost doubted my presence there. It seemed as though an age of reform had just begun. But the most affecting scene of all was when four men (I call them men, but spirits of men they were), bearing the American flag, came and stood beside him. Over their heads I beheld the names of Wayne, Vine, Ira and Stephen Markham. One was dressed in military attire and held a musket after the revolutionary style, and as he handed it to Governor Markham he said to the multitude, "Sons of the Republic, look and learn. This nation's wealth, through pyramids of stinging legislation, has been handed over to men of greed, which is ominous of its destruction. The monied men of Europe and America have wired through Congress their schemes until they have built up a demand for gold it can never pay, as all the gold in the world would not meet their demands. The interest they demand on the money stolen from the people will impoverish your children and their children through all succeeding ages.

"The money thieves hold a mortgage on the Republic and the mortgagee carries the key to your national safe in his pocket. Take this musket—it served in the first Revolution—and say to the people that coming events cast their shadows before them, and again this same musket that helped secure the liberty you enjoy to-day, may be called into requisition to serve as auxiliary to the Winchester, when you learn a little more of the danger that awaits your nation from Roman interference, combined with the money power. You know its history—it was preserved and handed down by the Markhams as a token of their fidelity. Let no blotch ever appear on the hand of a Markham when his country calls him."

Then again I stood at my place, some distance from the stand among the audience, from whence the voice went out from me, "All hats off," as that little lady pressed the button, and I felt as though the radiance of eternal glory had passed and the real again was here, and those brief watchers had fled away, and I felt how little we mortals are, on a planet which is but as a grain of sand in the Universe.

I hope we will some time in eternity expand our beings so that we may all know how small and brief is that earthly passion men call *love*. It is appointed for all, once to die, and who can say, "I have warmed the cold, fed the hungry and clothed the naked? I have staid the lash of the oppressor and bound up the wounds of the oppressed. When others hoarded and hid away their gold I gave freely of my stores to all who suffered, and they have wept in gratitude to have their needs relieved! What men call death cannot be staid, and the only comfort for the departing soul is peace of conscience, and such is mine." Who can say this of a truth? That which is fame on earth, is but the faintest shadow of the lasting reward in that boundless realm of space where the watchers have fled. For them death has no sting and the grave is but the cradle of their victory.

Thus I have given in my humble way, without forgetting the solemn warning in Ezekiel 36:6, a fraction of what I saw and heard, and will now bid the readers farewell, hoping to meet them somewhere in a more happy school, where we can make civilization fraught with love that may be felt around every fireside, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, that will illuminate our paths in life with celestial wisdom.

SPIRIT O'BRIEN'S WARNING TO AMERICANS.

On March 4th, 1895, I attended the celebration of the 117th anniversary of Robert Emmett's birthday, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., and on the platform I beheld, standing beside the orator, J. J. Dwyer, the forms of Robert Emmette, Daniel O'Connell, O'Brien, Larkin and Allen; and I feel impelled to briefly state a part of what I saw and

heard on that occasion. These experiences may puzzle some who are not familiar with the laws that enable the so-called dead to still mingle with and influence men; but such yearly become less as the human race ascends toward a higher and better civilization.

I was taken possession of by spirit force, and relieved for a time from the cares of earth-life, as though I had passed the river of Death; and, in that sublimated state of being, I mingled with spiritual beings and felt at home.

O'Brien was the first to break the silence, saying: "My countrymen, the loss of our national liberty is without a parallel. I can only reiterate what on former occasions I have said in regard to our National standing in the World. The same fate that befell our once happy 'Green Isle' is dawning upon your adopted country. Though the tears may fall from our eyes over the shortcomings of our forefathers, yet we see no rainbow of promise, and hear no cheering words of hope speaking of a time when we shall have gained a victory over the enemy of our land. Too long have we listened to the tolling of bells and lingered by the tomb of our dead Erin, while the angels have been beckoning us to come up out of the *old* and help build up Heaven's kingdom in the *new*, where the spirit of 'the Prince of Peace' can find an abiding home; where the people of all lands will sing anthems to its praise, which will be but echoes of our gladness. I therefore take this opportunity of meeting with you through another organism than that I was hanged in. The law of life demands that the laboring man, his wife and his children shall not become emaciated for want of food, which is also the early history of our country.

"Never, in the history of nations, was the outlook so dark and so demoralizing as it is for your adopted United States government to-day; and, it is our sacred mission to instruct you not to let your religion cut your throats in America, lest, like the wandering Jew of Russia, you be compelled to seek shelter in some humbler shade.

"My countrymen, you will not hesitate in believing me when I tell you my name is O'Brien; and Allen, Larkin and Emmette and our beloved O'Connell are with me.

"My countrymen, I share with you that sympathy you shared with me for that ever-memorable day when the invo-

cation, 'God save Ireland,' went up from the gallows, and the lips which spoke it were made stiff and cold in death.

"Irishmen of America, listen to my words. There is a deadly conspiracy being poured in upon your adopted land from that city beside the Tiber, as with Erin it once did, and little do you know how soon a dark cloud may gather between nations that may cause you grief and suffering. Then, where will your home be? Irish Americans, be not slow in striking hands for the safety of your adopted country.

"History tells you that in 1152 Ireland was a prosperous and independent nation, holding 'her place among the nations of the earth.' In that fatal year Cardinal John Paparo appeared in Ireland as a special legate of Pope Eugenius III. He was the first Italian legate ever sent to Ireland. With the coming of Cardinal Paparo, his palliums and his oaths of obedience, came also the claim of temporal sovereignty, asserted by the Pope. This temporal power was speedily turned to his financial and political advantage.

"In the year 1154 Henry II. became King of England, and shortly afterwards sent John of Salisbury to Rome as a royal emissary. The King desired to add Ireland to his kingdom, and the Pope desired to put Ireland under tribute to the Vatican, the Irish having previously 'paid those dues called Peter's pence, to the See of Armagh, which the rest of Europe paid to Rome.'

"In the year 1156 Pope Adrian IV. gave to Henry II., king of England, a bull granting to him the political sovereignty of Ireland, addressing him as 'My dearest son in Christ, the illustrious King of England;' authorizing him 'to enter Ireland, to reduce the people to obedience under the laws, and to extirpate the plants of vice,' on conditions that he would 'pay from each a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter, and that you will preserve the rights of the churches of this land inviolate.'

"Thus our forefathers forgot themselves, when they traded their birthright of freedom for Roman bondage, by allowing the Pope, claiming to be God's agent, to rule over them, making them British subjects without flag or country.

"Irishmen of America, let the chambers of your souls be lighted up anew with patriotic zeal and devotion for the love of your adopted country. It is from a deep conviction

of right that causes me to speak these words in the presence of Wolf, Tone, Davis, Allen, Larkin, Emmette and our beloved O'Connell; and in the presence of millions of martyrs, over whom death had no power.

"And to you, my brother Irishmen, gathered in this hall, who have not laid down your tired and rusty forms to live in our continued life, let your tears be dried; let your mourning be stifled, for your dead ones are alive; their voices are being heard, and their glorious victory over death is being made known to you. Will you hear me? If you do, let your strength go forth, let your genius for liberty speak, and let the millions who have never read of Ireland's captivity by Popes and British tyranny, pause with uplifted hands and gather in my words while I tell them, the same edicts that captured our once happy Green Isle are being poured in upon your adopted country to-day. With Satolli came the Paparo.

"My countrymen, Peter's pence lit the fire of persecution that consumed our liberty. Let America take warning—it is their Almighty dollar, 'In God we Trust,' that is lighting the flame that will consume with the same fire the American Republic, and if let alone will cause their eagle to perch beneath the bidding of the greatest curse the world has ever seen. But progress, the inborn gift of man, is illuminating the souls of men and women with power to give them wisdom and consolation in the hour of trouble, that they may no longer become polluted with building towers to Baal, but rather build the church of Zion in the souls of humanity!"

WORDS OF WARNING BY THOMAS PAINE.

On May 5, 1897, I attended a social gathering at the rooms of Mrs. Maude L. von Freitag, at the Hotel St. Nicholas, San Francisco, Cal. Anderson, the "Boy Orator," being present, requested those there, to give him the entire corner of the room, that the forces might better gather around him.

After singing, he delivered an appropriate address, and asked that the lights be turned down a little. Then he

remained silent for some time, and being asked if he wanted something, he spoke in a whisper, saying that his name was McCullough, and concluded by quoting a few words from Shakespeare. Coming to the table, he took up a book, quoted from it in a whisper, and then returned to the corner of the room.

During this time the spirit of Thomas Paine came and told me to take a slip of paper from the table and write on it for him, telling the audience not to be frightened, as they were merely trying to materialize through their young medium, but the conditions were broken by turning the light off and on suddenly. This was done to pacify those who were fearful that all was not right with C. Anderson, the medium.

Then the spirit of Thomas Paine took possession of the medium, and coming across the room, took me by the hand and said: "Mr. Brown, you know me. My name is Thomas Paine, and I want you to be at home all day to-morrow. I am coming there and I want you to write for me, for I want the friends to know that I am still alive and have not gone away in the clouds, where I see them not." I promised to comply with his request. He then shook hands with all present, saying "good-bye." The medium then sat down and soon returned to his normal condition.

This morning at my desk I awaited the coming of my promised visitor. The door bell rang and in stepped Mrs. Chapman, a white-haired lady, and said: "Mr. Brown, I am here, and I wish to know what all this means. Two nights ago the spirits came and awoke me, saying that I must go and see Mr. Brown—he had something for me, and to-day when I came away I told the landlady I was going elsewhere, and the spirit said: 'No, you are not; you are going to see that old gentleman, Mr. Brown.' I put it off until I was compelled to come. Now do tell me what all this means. O yes, I know; it was Thomas Paine told me to come and he is here now, and instead of your having something for me, he has something for you. He told me that, to get me to come here. Ain't it marvelous to see how the spirits can bring things about? Now you see what I have come for."

Then the spirit of Thomas Paine, through Mrs. Chapman, said he had come with a band of spirits to place a halo of

new life around me that would impart health and give me an extension of earth life. He said he came to make good his promise. His words to the mediums who were present with him last night were full of encouragement. He said:

"I belong to the spirit side of life as all well know, and I often knock at the door of human souls, saying to our mediums, Fear not those who can only kill the body. You they cannot touch. Slander is the weapon of cowards, but like mud it soon dries up and falls off. Their disobedience to nature's law prevents their progress. I am young and strong now, and can come through our mediums and say to you that your spirit friends all wish me to express their gratitude to you for the complete satisfaction you give them, and I assure you their angel band will continue their work with you and bless you, as you are instrumental in blessing humanity with a knowledge of immortality.

"I wish to thank my young brother for allowing me to take possession of him, and I will say that he will succeed in our good work. You are living in the grandest moments of the world's history and we are rallying around you the best mediums that the world has ever had, to co-operate with you and help you to build temples where the spirits can dwell with you and you with them.

"It was I who planned and wrote your Declaration of Independence. Your system of government was then called the new, and its principles are the best that have ever existed. It was founded on the inherited rights of man, but to-day I see tyranny and the sword trying the second time to creep in, to suspend the exercise of those rights, and it has been my desire for a long time to make these things known to you, but I failed to find a channel through which I could do so until now. It may seem marvelous to some to see what ways and means we take to bring it about.

"For many years we have been viewing with horror the crisis coming that will necessitate your banding together as in the days of the Revolution. History bids fair to repeat itself in this your once happy country, and it can only be averted by concentrated action at the ballot box. This warning I give you. Value your freedom too highly to allow any to dictate how you shall worship or who shall rule over you.

"For that reason we tried to infuse into your meeting last

night a convincing knowledge of our presence through our valuable boy medium, as you call him, and I wish to say to all mediums, as I did to Washington on that cold winter day at Valley Forge: 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'

"I desire to meet you again, and offer many grateful thanks to our brave mediums, and to all who listen to my words, which tend to bring our two worlds closer together.

THOMAS PAINE."

MY INDIAN MOTHER.

It was after many long and weary days were spent in traveling over the plains and desert waste that I found myself encamped close to the foot-hills near where the city of Denver now stands, with a little band of trappers and traders. We had remained only one night in camp when the Arapahoe nation of Indians, then in their wild and uncultivated state, having heard of our arrival, pitched their tents close to us. Soon there came to me a tall, good-looking Indian woman, with one hand on her mouth, and with the other making signs to her husband, who was a white man. I soon learned that she was inquiring where my father and mother were. On being informed that I had none, she came close to me and placed her hand upon my head, and in her own language, and with her own forms and ceremonies, adopted me into her father's family, claiming me as her own child. This, she said, was on account of my youth and lack of knowledge how to live in that wild country.

Her father was of the Blackfoot tribe, to whom I was soon presented. I shall never forget that meeting, nor how that old Blackfoot Indian, once a chief of his native village, called around him his friends, who came with cherries and other wild fruit to present to me. He was brave in war, yet possessing great benevolence for all. He called me to him, at his death scene, and said to me, "My son, this body of mine is now going to die. It is now differently sick from what it ever was before, which makes me know that it is going to die. And now, I present you this pair of moccasins as a token of my lasting friendship. I have had them a long time,

but have not worn them. I took them. They were covered with fine beads of different colors. I took them to California, and gave them to Captain Haley, commander of the schooner "Lydia," which brought me from San Francisco to San Pedro in the Spring of 1852. I shall ever remember those days of my youth and that Indian mother whose hand was ever on me and whose kind words still live in my memory. She often reminded me of the certainty of death, and that, if our earth-life was good, we would live together in a happy hunting ground where there could be no more fighting. She said, "all good Indians go to a beautiful grove of evergreen," and wished to take me there with her, where the buffalo, elk and deer would come and live with us, and we would have beautiful spotted horses to ride, and she would be my mother always.

The clothing I wore was made by her own hands. She would not allow me to wear clothes made by other hands than her own, and she would often spend two months in ornamenting the fringe of my trousers with porcupine quills. My under garments she would make of the finest antelope skins, dressed with her own hands. I was fond of sport, especially horse racing, but was never allowed to indulge therein. On occasions of surrounding the buffalo, my mother would procure for me the finest spotted horse in the village to ride, and would always see that I was provided with a pipe having a stem at least two feet in length, and tobacco in a nice sack ornamented with beads. Her father prepared for me a bow and set of arrows (24 in number), ornamented with beads, scarlet and blue cloth, with a beautiful quiver to carry them in.

I will venture to say that no civilized people ever manifested more charity than those uncultivated aborigines, with whom it has been my lot to mingle.

They were noted for their belief in the return of their dead, and were strict worshippers of a deity whom they termed the Big Medicine Man. And, to please him, they had many places where they deposited their trophies for their dead, who, they said, would come and get them.

When I sat down to write this, that Indian mother I have been speaking of, stood beside me. She claimed the first reminiscence of earth-life, and refreshed my memory regard-

ing the resting place of her father, which is on the right bank of Cherry Creek about midway from its source to where it empties into the South Platte, where the grain fields of the white man now spread over the land. I am still claimed, she informs me, as their adopted son.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY SPIRIT WARNING.

Words are mere drops in the great ocean of thought, to use for thanking the angels for their kind care in preserving me from untimely death. Many times they have come to me, and by obeying them I have been left to write these lines.

Once, while in the employ of L. P. Lupton, I was sent from near the Arkansas River, across the divide, down Cherry Creek to Fort Lupton on the South Platte for a wagon load of dried buffalo meat. My companions were James Dougherty and a Mexican (whose name I have forgotten); three of us on foot, driving two yoke of oxen before us. Two onions and a small quantity of bear's oil (procured from some Delaware Indians) constituted our stock of provisions. We took no wagon, as we were to get that at the Fort, to which we were going. The second night we camped near the divide, on a high ridge, where we got plenty of dry wood. That night snow fell nearly two feet in depth which made traveling very slow and tiresome. In the night my spirit-guide came, took me a short distance and pointed to a valley, saying, "John, that is the place I am showing you now. There is where death will occur. Keep away from it; don't go there."

I was fairly frightened by his anxious look, and slept no more that night. In the morning I was glad to leave there, and from that night I could feel an influence from that Mexican that fairly made me shudder every time I looked at him. Finally we reached our journey's end, and glad was I.

After two days rest, preparations were made for our return. The night before we were to start, my guide came to me and said, "John, don't you go back. You will be killed if you do. We want you to stay here. Remember what I say; don't you go back with that Mexican. We have

much work for you. You are good and we can use you, so stay—do not go back. It is better for some man to go that we cannot use for the salvation of the many."

In the morning I related all to my good old friend Dougherty, and stated that I would not go back. He looked sad, and in my heart I wept for him, for he was old, and I knew, in my soul, I should never see him more. I then went to V. J. Herring, who had charge of the Fort, and related my experience, stating my desire to remain. He consented, and to relieve me from censure, sent a letter to the man in charge of the post I had left, that I was needed and must remain. Dougherty's words to me, as we shook hands, were, "Goodbye, my boy; God bless you, I shall never see you again."

In about eight days, a courier arrived from the Arkansas with the news that Dougherty had been killed by Indians at a spring in a valley just after crossing the divide. That the Mexican escaped by hiding in some willows and made his way to the camp we had left. Dougherty's blanket and two bolts of domestic, and a small sack used for carrying such things as a man usually needs in a wild country, seemed to have been taken by the Indians. But a few days later, some parties on their way from Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, to their own Fort on the South Platte, camped at the place where Dougherty was killed, and in the spring they found the sack mentioned above, and brought it to the Fort.

So strong was this evidence that the Mexican had done the deed that a man named Early and myself mounted two fine horses that evening, and the next night we were at our destination near the Arkansas. But we were too late; the Mexican had been gone two days. He had been seen quite often going out in the bushes not far from the house, and, on examination, we found where he had concealed the bolts of domestic and Dougherty's blanket, the latter being still there.

Thus the spirit's prediction was fulfilled; and the place pointed out to me in the night was the exact spot where Dougherty was killed by being shot while in his bed. The place bears the name of Jimmy's Spring to the present day.

Dougherty's remains repose on the bank of the river which sips its sparkling jet from the great Soda Spring, of Colorado.

LIFE SAVED BY AN ANGEL.

When I was living in the Pueblo, near Denver, in Colorado, my spirit guide came to me and informed me that in the afternoon of the following day, Calvin T. Briggs, one of my companions, would go out hunting for deer, and I must go with him, as something would occur wherein I would be of great benefit; in fact, of such benefit as no one else in our camp could bestow, as spirits could not make them understand. As usual, I related all to my companions in the morning, and many criticisms and suggestions followed as to how to prevent the prediction from coming to pass.

Finally, Briggs decided against going, but time moved on, and all in camp were quiet; the sun was leaning toward the western hills; the air indicating that a clear, cold night was approaching. Briggs, who had just been cleaning his gun, asked who wanted to try their guns? stating that he could beat any one in that camp shooting at a mark. Meeting no response, he said, "Come on, Brown, let us go and kill a couple of deer; or, you kill an antelope and I'll kill a deer." In a few minutes we were on our mules and off for the St. Charles River, at a point agreed upon, about four miles distant. This small river empties into the Arkansas a few miles below Pueblo, in Colorado.

On arriving at the river and finding no game, it was agreed that I should go up the river and Briggs go down to the junction of the two rivers; and, in case we met no game, Briggs was to go down the Arkansas to a large grove of cottonwoods, and I, after proceeding up the river one mile, was to go across the prairie and strike the Arkansas at the place where I would find Briggs, and by moonlight kill wild turkeys to take to our camp. Thus we separated. I had not proceeded far, when of a sudden my mule stopped and I could plainly hear some one saying, "John, go down the river, go quick, there is no time to lose; see, it is getting night, you must be quick."

Reader, I am familiar with that voice, for it has called me many times to help poor mortals, (as many of you know) when in distress. By this time my faithful mule had turned around and was carrying me down the stream at a rapid gait. I was in a quandary as to what all this meant, but still my mule pushed on; if anything, increasing her speed, and after having gone about three miles, I heard what appeared to be a human voice. The sound came in mournful accents as from one in distress. As I galloped on the sound became more distinct, and soon the sequel of my spirit control was made known to me.

Dear reader, stop one moment, and realize if you can what I saw and the feelings that came over me as I looked down upon the cold, smooth ice and there beheld poor Briggs, my companion who had stood by me in many an Indian fight while death was grinning at us from all sides. The acts and doings of men can be written, but the feelings one has under such circumstances, can be better felt than written; for as I saw poor Briggs lying prostrate on the smooth ice with all hopes of relief vanished from him, my eyes betrayed my weakness, as at the present moment while giving to you this part of my little narrative—whether it be for grief or joy I hardly know, but tears I cannot suppress, and I am glad, for by them I often get relief from troubles and trials. Briggs often spoke of this, and reminded me that my arrival on this occasion was so unexpected that the thought overcame him, and it was many days before he could realize that he was living. Who will ask, what good do spirits do? It was now getting dark, and poor Briggs would have been a frozen corpse long before the light of another day dawned upon him. Even his faithful mule could not return with the sad news of its master, for it was fastened to a tree.

Briggs, as the sequel showed, had been there about te days prior to this adventure and set a trap under the ice catch a beaver. This is done by cutting a hole through the ice and placing a long, dry pole perpendicular therein with the lower end driven firmly in the bottom of the stream. To this pole the chain of the trap is made fast under water. In this dry pole, a hole is made to admit a green stick two or three inches in diameter and three or four feet in length, with bark on, and about one foot under water; then a platform is

made of dry sticks, and placed about one foot below where the green stick is fastened to the dry pole and two feet down the stream. On this is fastened the trap. The beaver will come to cut off the green stick where it is fastened to the pole, in order to take it home for food. Bark is what they subsist on. In doing this they will spring the trap with one of their hind feet and soon drown.

Briggs, passing that way, and wishing to ascertain if the beaver was caught, cut a small hole through the ice and reached his arm down to feel if the trap was in its place. In doing so he sprung the trap, which caught his hand near the wrist. It was a heavy, double-spring Newell trap, and the hole in the ice would not admit of its egress, and poor Briggs would never have seen California or sold milk in Sacramento, had not some angel interceded with my control, who sent me on the mission of his redemption from death by freezing.

For many years, and after we arrived in California in 1849, I remember his relating to me how I saved his life and how he felt when he threw his hatchet upon the ice, and the feeling it gave him when he saw it glide beyond his reach, which was the first thing I looked for when I found him. It lay about eight inches beyond the reach of his foot, and my life-restoring control impressed me with "look!" See what disobedience to good judgment would have done. With that hatchet I soon released poor Briggs.

The angel of death was not satisfied; it followed him to California, and at Sacramento took him home. Soon his wife and all his family except Thomas, his youngest son, followed him. Mr. Briggs was a good man, and is in just such a heaven as he made in earth-life, and I feel that I shall again live with him and the good angel that cared for him.

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